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GENERAL NEWS.

Nearly all of the European instructors in the Chinese army have been dismissed.

Near Lebanon, Ky., an eagle got drunk on moonshine whisky and was easily captured.

Cleveland, O., wants the next national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The Texas legislature amended its anti-trust bill so as to make it more drastic than the Arkansas law.

The Duke of Arcos, the newly appointed Spanish minister to the United States, will leave Madrid for Washington this week.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, has an idea of buying the old Harrison homestead in Virginia and living there after his term expires.

An open boat, containing the bodies of nine men who had died of starvation, was recently washed ashore at Corinto, Nicaraugua.

At Hazelton, Pa., Saturday night 2000 people welcomed home Arthur Brill, who was a gunner on Dewey's flagship Olympia, at the battle of Manila.

Two skeletons of extraordinary height, apparently very ancient, were unearthed near a prehistoric mound near Hillsboro, Ind., a short time since.

An influential newspaper at Vienna, Austria, advocates the combination of all Continental European powers against England and the United States.

Col. Thomas Fletcher and John D. Braddock, of Arkansas, will donate to that state all the granite needed to construct the new capitol building at Little Rock.

Cuba's great need at present is a public school system, the Spanish having neglected the matter of education to such a degree that 76% of the people can neither read nor write.

The United States fleet which has been on practice cruise for several weeks in the West Indies under Admiral Sampson, is homeward bound and has probably reached New York.

Joseph Lynch, who fought with Dewey at Manila, and has been a wanderer for years, was recently informed at Chicago that he had fallen heir to $50,000 by his grandfather's death.

The adjutant general of Ohio has issued orders disbanding the Ohio national guard because of a lack of discipline. It is proposed now to begin at the bottom and build up a new militia.

By reading a newspaper at Gettysburg, Pa., W. A. Brown, a commercial traveler, first learned of the death of his wife and the fatal injury of his father, in the tornado at Kirksville, Mo.

The tallest man in the navy has been selected to take the part of "Uncle Sam" in the peace jubilee to be held in Washington in June, Chief Yeoman Wills, who is 6 feet 7 inches in his bare feet.

Rev. Berkham, of Wheeling, W. Va., who is also a deputy sheriff, arrested two fugitives during divine service, chained them to the pulpit, finished his sermon and then conveyed his prisoners to jail.

The American Vinegar Company has absorbed four more plants in Chicago, and about thirty factories throughout the country are to be closed by the trust to shut off competition and control the price of vinegar.

Articles of apparel and jewelry were found 25 miles from the path of the tornado which struck Kirksville, Mo., last week. One peculiarity of the storm is that it doubled on its track, doing the greatest damage on its return.

The good roads movement is attacking Crawford county, Ind., with such force that the townships are threatening to purchase crushers and enter into the business on a private scale if the county commissioners will not proceed under law.

A MOUNTAIN BOY AT MANILA.

Edgar Jones, a Native of Morgan County Writes Entertainingly of the Philippine Islands and the Filipino.

MANILA, P. I., March 22, 1899.

Mr. R. B. Day, Hazel Green, Ky.

Dear Friend: Your most highly appreciated letter was received yesterday just after we had returned from a long march. We had been on the field since the 10th fighting Filipinos to a finish. We had a hard time most of the time and you can imagine we were glad to get back to our barracks here in the city.

We arrived here on the 4th of March on the transport Ohio, and one of the grandest sights I ever saw or ever expect to see was when we steamed into the quiet Bay of Manila. On one side was Dewey's immortal fleet waving the stars and stripes to welcome us in, while on the other side you could see the masts of Spain's sunken vessels just rearing their heads above the blue, showing the remains of what was once a fine fleet. And far in the distance the city of Manila shone in the rays of the tropical sun, putting one in mind of one of the ancient cities we read of in history.

After we had stayed in our barracks two or three days we were called to the line of battle, about five miles out, where we lay in the trenches about three days, when we made one of the grandest charges ever made in the annals of history. In the charge was all of Wheaton's brigade, including the Twenty-second infantry, Fourth cavalry, six companies of Oregon volunteers, six companies of Washington's and the Twentieth infantry, which brought up the rear, or in other words was the reserve.

The lines extended for about eight miles and there was not a "nigger" left in all the ground we skirmished over. We captured several of the enemy's strongholds and burnt their towns and houses as we marched on. But the Filipinos gave us some hot fights, and when those Mauser balls were whistling around my head it made me think of my old home in the mountains of Kentucky. But I never got a scratch, except those from the bamboo and briars.

Curtis Pieratt is here, in the Fourth cavalry, and it is camped alongside of the Twenty-second. I saw him almost every day before we went on the field. He is in fine health, but he wants to go back home, he says. He was asking about all the people about Hazel Green.

I have so much I would like to tell you that I wont try to tell it all till I get back to the old place once more. Then I can talk to you for hours better than I can write it. Give my regards to all my old friends.

With many wishes for your success in all walks of life, I am, as ever, EDGAR JONES,

Co. L, 22nd U. S. Infantry.

P. S.—This is a fine country! The principal crops are rice and tobacco. Cigars here are a half-cent apiece in American money. Tell Dr. Nickell's folks I am well, and enjoying my life in Manila fine. ED.

Many old soldiers now feel the effects of the hard service they endured during the war. Mr. Geo. S. Anderson, of Rossville, York county, Penn., who saw the hardest kind of service at the front, is now frequently troubled with rheumatism. "I had a severe attack lately," he says, "and procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It did so much good that I would like to know what you would charge me for one dozen bottles." Mr. Anderson wanted it both for his own use and to supply it to his friends and neighbors, as every family should have a bottle of it in their home, not only for rheumatism, but lame back, sprains, swellings, cuts, bruises and burns, for which it is unequalled. For sale by J. T. Day.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.

KENTUCKY KERNELS.

Mormon elders have been holding religious services at Ezel.

Knights of Pythias of Greenville are talking of building a hall, with storerooms and offices below.

Henderson business men are petitioning the citycouncil for a three days' street fair to be held in July.

There is talk of building a hotel in Trenton, the prosperous little Todd county town, to cost $5,000.

Grant county will spend $20,000 for road improvements now under contract and to be completed this year.

Judge Clifton J. Pratt, of Hopkins county, is the latest aspirant for the Republican nomination for governor.

Capt. Andrew Jackson Bruner, a native of Clark county, and an old Confederate veteran, died in Vernon county, Mo., May 3, aged 70.

James K. Megibben, prominent turfman and distiller of Harrison county, died of a complication of diseases at his home, near Lair, on May 3.

Hon. John C. Wood, of Mt Sterling, was renominated for railroad commissioner on the Republican ticket at the Richmond convention last week.

Two men were killed and three others seriously, if not fatally, injured by the explosion of the boiler at McKnight's sawmill, near Crefton, Christian county.

At Flemingsburg Charles Burns and Marion Allen confessed last Thursday to housebreaking at Elizaville, and were sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

Monroe Cannon, aged 80 years, was found dead with his head under water at a spring in Christian county, and his position indicated that he died while drinking.

A severe hailstorm at Williamstown Thursday continued for an hour. Windows in many houses were broken, and young lambs in the county killed by the stones.

Charles Jackson, colored, is in jail at Winchester, charged with the murder of James Miles, also colored, who died at that place on Thursday from a pistol shot inflicted by the former.

Col. Roger Williams' state guard regiment, recruited as the second, will hereafter be known as the first, thus taking the place in the state guard formerly occupied by the Louisville Legion.

In a bloody general fight at Norton Noah Falley was killed and two others fatally injured. There were seven or more men engaged, and they fought with picks and axes. No arrest yet made.

President McKinley commuted the sentence of the heathen editor, C. C. Moore, to six months, and his time expires July 8. He was sentenced for two years for sending obscene matter through the mails.

John Cannock stole a watch and pocket book from P. K. Brown, a guest at Wm. Rothwell's, Rothwell station, but was captured at Mariba, tried before Judge Taylor, and sent to jail to await action of the grand jury, says the Frenchburg Agitator.

Gov. W. O. Bradley has received a walking stick made from the flagstaff of the Christobal Colon, with a metal shield made from a casting of the Maria Teresa, while the ferule was made from the Viscaya. This relic was presented to the governor by John O'Bannon, a Kentucky sailor on the relief ship Vermont.

Several years ago John W. Prewitt, one of the most prominent farmers of this county, was killed by falling through an elevator shaft of a tobacco warehouse at Louisville. His heirs brought suit for damages and the case has been tried three times, the jury giving heavy damages each time. The last verdict of the lower court for $12,000 damages was affirmed by the court of appeals Wednesday.—Winchester Democrat.

On Tuesday Col. Thomas Turner sold to Floyd Day 4,160 acres of timber land in Wolfe county, for $5.25 per acre, making a total of over $22,000, and for the cash and its equivalent. This is considered one of the best tracts of timber land in Kentucky, and is about three miles from the L. & E. railroad. Col. Turner has owned it for many years, having bought it for almost a song at a time when mountain lands were very low and considered worthless by many. Mr. Day is one of the largest timber dealers in the country, and by the purchase of this land becomes the owner of nearly all the valuable timber land in that immediate section accessible to the railroad. This is perhaps the largest individual sale of mountain lands that has taken place for some time.—Mt. Sterling Sentinel-Demourat.

I had a little boy who was nearly dead from an attack of whooping cough. My neighbors recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I did not think that any medicine would help him, but after giving him a few doses of that remedy I noticed an improvement, and one bottle cured him entirely. It is the best cough medicine I ever had in the house.—J. L. MOORE, South Burgettstown, Pa. For sale by J, T. Day.

A great rush of Chinamen thro' the United States, via San Francisco and Texas, to Mexico, arouses the suspicion that they intend to smuggle themselves back into this country, singly, through the uninhabited region along Rio Grande river.

Lung Irritation

is the forerunner to consumption. Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey will cure it, and give such strength to the lungs that a cough or a cold will not settle there. 25 cents at all good druggists.

Mrs. C. E. French is visiting relatives and friends here this week but will probably return to Lexington next week.

The Laborer Is Worthy His Hire.

Thankful to the people of this and the surrounding community for their liberal patronage since I have been a practicing physician at Hazel Green, I wish to say to those who have paid me that I am ready to answer any or all professional calls night or day, and will take pleasure in doing so. But to those who have never paid me anytaing, I desire to say that I will take it as a special favor if you will pay me, at least a part of my bill, or else employ some other physician, for I cannot afford to practice for you any more on promises. Now, if you don't mean to pay me what you owe me, for my sake and the sake of my children don't send after me.

With respect to all,
A. C. NICKELL, M. D.

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THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : : KY.

OHNE HAST, OHNE RAST.

"Without Haste. Without Rest."
Flow on, little life, flow, flow!
What if the sun gleam not in thy face,
And clouds hang dark in the sky for a space,
And bitter winds blow?
Little life, hidden life, flow, flow!

Here is a stream that runs at my feet
With murmur of music, soothing and sweet.
Clear in the depths of its sandy bed
I can see the blue of the sky o'erhead;
But further down, just a mile or more,
Its singing is spent, and on before
Lies a dreary waste, half sand, half stone,
And there its waters are all but lost.

Little life, hidden life, cease to moan;
The desolate place is speedily crossed.
Count not the hours, nor reckon the cost;
Not dead is the old glad undertone;
And sweet was the music of long ago!
Flow on, little life, flow, flow!

Leave thy weeping, forget thy woe.
Though heaven be high, yet God knows best;
Nigher and nigher comes perfect rest;
Nigher and nigher there comes to thee
The azure calm of the infinite sea.
Flow on, little life, flow;
Little life, brave life, steadily!
—London Spectator.

THE CARUTHERS AFFAIR

By WILL N. HARBEN

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SYNOPSIS.

Minard Hendricks, great detective, just returned from Boston, finds awaiting him an unsigned typewritten letter directing him to apartments in Palace hotel, where he will find remains of Mr. Weldon Caruthers—currently reported for past two weeks to be out of town. Detective seems to connect letter with attempt made on his own life some time previous. Goes with friend, Dr. Lampkin, to investigate. Upon search of Caruthers' apartments remains of cremated body and jeweled hand of victim are found in a vase. Hand bears marks of finger nails manicured to sharp points. Lampkin recalls reports of a row between Caruthers and Arthur Gielow, both suitors for hand of Dorothy Huntington, who is heiress to several millions should she marry Caruthers, unconditionally in case of Caruthers' death. Late that night Hendricks and Lampkin call at home of Miss Huntington. Dorothy mentions a letter which she had received from Caruthers. Detective asks to see it.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

The door opened just then and the heiress entered, followed by her aunt. Miss Huntington opened the letter and handed it to the detective. Even at a distance of several feet, and in the dim sensuous glow made by the light striking through the ruby-colored globes, the doctor saw Hendricks' eyes flash as they fixed themselves on the sheet of paper, and noted the eager flush of his face which betokened a discovered clew. The letter ran as follows:

"My Dear Miss Huntington: How can I ever hope to get your forgiveness for running away from New York so suddenly without acquainting you with my plans? However, this will reach you in time to inclose the tickets for the Horse Show. I am sure Count Bantinni will see to your pleasure and comfort. I am here since three days, and have every day—nay, every hour—been occupied with pressing business. Hoping soon to see you again and tendering my best regards to Mrs. Winfret, believe me, Yours sincerely,

"WELDON CARUTHERS."

Silence filled the room as Hendricks read and reread the letter, his eyes dwelling on the lower part of the page, Lampkin thought, with eager fixity.

"Does Mr. Caruthers speak French fluently?" was the first question he directed to Miss Huntington.

"He does not speak it at all," replied that young lady.

"Or German?"

"That language neither."

"Has he a command of any other tongue except English?"

"No, I am positive that he has not," answered Miss Huntington, authoritatively.

"Then he did not write this," said Hendricks, in a certain tone of satisfaction peculiar to a man who has found himself correct in a conclusion derived from slight evidence.

"Surely you must be mistaken," began the young lady, but the detective leaned forward, pointing to a line on the paper.

"The person who wrote or dictated this communication is accustomed to speaking foreign languages. The letter, as a whole, is correct English, but at one point the writer made a slip. See, he says: 'I am here since three days.' Now that is one of the idioms which are discarded last by foreigners in their efforts to acquire our language. You know we say: 'I have been here,' etc."

"You certainly are most observant," granted Miss Huntington, with an incredulous smile, "but I happen to know that Mr. Caruthers often dictated his correspondence to stenographers at hotels during his travels, and on this occasion he may have employed a typewriter whose one weak point may be the very idiom you mention."

"I thought of that before I spoke," said the detective. "But typewriters in this country usually are English-speaking men and women. Moreover, I see by the inequality of the strokes that this was done by a hand new at the business."

Miss Huntington's face fell, and then a nervous, worried expression came into it.

"Tell me frankly," she said, "what all this is about."

Hendricks drew himself up.

"I wonder," he said, "if you would object to speaking to my friend and myself alone. It is a little matter that perhaps Mrs. Winfret may not be exactly interested in."

The heiress threw a perplexed glance at Mrs. Winfret, and for a moment seemed not to be able to formulate a reply. Her aunt's intuition, however, had been sharpened by the nervous strain upon her.

"Something has gone wrong with Mr. Caruthers," she burst forth. "You think I am too excitable to hear it, but I am not. What has happened?"

"You may speak before her," said Miss Huntington, slowly paling. "In great trials she is as strong as the strongest."

"We have vital reasons for believing Mr. Caruthers has been foully dealt with," said Hendricks. He studied their set faces for an instant and then concluded: "The truth is, he was murdered in his apartments on the night he was said to have left."

"Oh!" simultaneously burst from both ladies, and then dead silence filled the room. There was no sound without except the dull rumble of a passing stage.

"Murdered?" came from the lips of the young lady.

Hendricks nodded.

"But I think we had better not go into the details to-night. The papers will be full of it in the morning."

"But you must—you must have come to me for a purpose," said Miss Huntington, helplessly.

"It was because, if you will pardon the allusion, I seem to see the shadow of a motive for the murder in the fact that your uncle had stipulated in his will that your inheritance from him depended on—"

"My marriage to Mr. Caruthers," interrupted the girl. "Yes, that is true."

"Also," added the detective, "your acquiring the fortune without marrying him was not possible except in the case of his death."

"Ah, I see what you mean!" exclaimed Miss Huntington.

"I have no one in view," quickly resumed Hendricks; "but you must know that such a vast fortune, and the hope of winning your hand with it, would be a great temptation to many. You must have several suitors, and it was with the hope that you might confer with me about them that I sought you so quickly. Little suggestions from the fountain head, so to speak, often save me much futile research."

The heiress leaned back in her chair, white and faint. The delicate, tapering hand she placed on her brow shook as if with palsy.

"Oh, aunt!" she ejaculated, and then she tightly pressed her lips together and remained mute.

"You should not think of those you really care for," said Hendricks, more sympathetically than Lampkin had imagined possible to his weather-beaten nature. "There must be many—very many who have hoped to gain your regard."

The suggestion evoked no response from Miss Huntington. Her features seemed under the control of but one dominant idea, and that idea, whatever it was, deprived of her normal action.

"There can be no harm in telling all we know," broke in Mrs. Winfret, who acquired considerable calmness in feeling that she might be of service. "You know, Dorothy, there have been so very many."

The young lady seemed still too much agitated to speak.

"Gossip has associated your name with one of the most worthy young men in town," said Hendricks, delicately; "and as he is doubtless wholly innocent of any connection with the tragedy you might be doing him a service to put me on to all available clews."

Dorothy's face was like a death mask in yellow plaster.

"Could they possibly associate him with it?" she questioned.

"Unfortunately it is said that he had some sort of difficulty with Mr. Caruthers only a short while before he was reported to have left the city."

The features of the girl shrank together as if she had been smitten in the face. She made no reply.

"We heard about it," put in Mrs. Winfret. "And I did not like it, either. The only sensible view to take of the stipulation in the will was that Dorothy ought to carry out her uncle's wishes, and Arthur Gielow acted so insanely over it. I advised him to go abroad, but he wouldn't listen to reason. It was an awfully egotistical thing—his quarreling with Mr. Caruthers in a public place."

A flush of anger flowed into the whiteness of the girl's face.

"It is absurd to speak of that quarrel at such a moment," she said, with spirit, "except from the standpoint of its prejudicing the ignorant public against an innocent man."

"I seldom make mistakes," said Hendricks; "and I assure you that I am going to work on the theory that Gielow is not the man I am looking for."

Miss Huntington leaned forward eagerly. She almost smiled in her boundless relief.

"I am so glad to hear you say that," she said, softly. "He has had so much trouble already that to be suspected of this would break his heart completely."

"Of all the suitors she has had I have the least use for that Italian, Count Bantinni," declared Mrs. Winfret. "I cannot bear him in my sight. Nobody knows how he ever got such a foothold in society. He was introduced by Sir Reginald Tyler, who was the rage here for a month and went away suddenly and has never once been heard of since. Count Bantinni seems to have kept his place only because of his learning. People seemed to be afraid it would show ignorance on their part to refuse him their hospitality."

"Count Bantinni," mused Hendricks; "know such a man, doctor?"

"Only from having seen his name in society papers," was Lampkin's reply.

"He is absolutely the queerest individual on earth," pursued Mrs. Winfret, as if glad of an opportunity to express her dislike. "Dorothy has refused him three times. We should never have gone with him last night to the Horse Show if Mr. Caruthers had not arranged the box party before he left. I am sure he is a fortune hunter, and it was with that conviction in my mind that I told him of the condition in Mr. Van Courtland's will. He looked perfectly bewildered when I mentioned it and made me give him all the particulars. He said nothing all the rest of the evening—it was here at a reception one night."

Hendricks' eyes flashed involuntarily and then his face became again unreadable.

"How long ago was that?" he asked, carelessly.

Mrs. Winfret reflected.

"About two weeks," she replied.

Miss Huntington had been leaning forward eagerly drinking in what was said, but, watching her closely, Lampkin saw her gradually take on the droop of utter despondency. She rose with a certain cold majesty.

"You must really excuse me," she said. "I must go up to my room. Oh, aunt, I feel so tired! The gentlemen will excuse us."

The men sprang up.

"Oh, pardon us," said the doctor. "This is too much for your nerves."

"Rest is all I need," answered the young lady, courteously apologetic.

"You must get something soothing to drink and try to sleep," advised Lampkin, and he backed from the room, followed by the detective.

"THE PERSON WHO WROTE THIS IS ACCUSTOMED TO SPEAK THE FOREIGN LANGUAGES."

Outside Hendricks seemed absorbed in thought.

"Well?" inquired the doctor, as they struck out down the avenue.

"We must sift Gielow to the bottom," sighed Hendricks.

"But I thought you said—"

"I know I did, and I meant it at the moment; but Miss Huntington knows something to offset my theories in his favor. She is absolutely convinced that Gielow is in for it, and it must be powerful evidence to make a woman believe her lover guilty of murder. Ah, doctor, if it had been in my power to have comforted her I'd never have let her go to her room looking as she did."

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Winfret solicitously accompanied her niece to her chamber. She dismissed the drowsy maid, and herself undressed the girl and sat beside her bed for some moments. Her own nervousness seemed to have taken a little flight into the realm of gratified vanity over having aided a famous detective in a most important investigation. When Dorothy seemed quieter she rose and went softly to her own room.

Dorothy found herself alone. There was an awful solemnity about the artistic chamber with its high ceiling decorated with figures that seemed to rise from their somber background and peer at her through the subdued light. The passage of vehicles on the street below was now markedly infrequent. The girl judged that it was about three o'clock. The moonlight, chill and ghostlike, fell in through a window.

"It is no use," cried the girl. "I can see no hope for him. Oh, God help me!"

She rose, and, drawing on a wrapper, and thrusting her feet into slippers, she went to her writing desk in a corner and sat down. For a moment she leaned her head on her folded arms and her lips moved mutely. Then she opened the desk, and from a secret drawer took out a package of letters and began to peruse them. She was searching for evidence with which to subdue the horrible fear that was taking root in her consciousness. As she laid each note aside a voiceless conviction cried out in her heart. One of the letters she held before her long and steadily, while her beautiful eyes distended and her breath almost ceased. It contained some passages which had suddenly risen before her mind's eye during the talk in the drawing-room. They ran as follows:

"Then there are times, darling, when rationality seems to desert me, leaving me little more than a man with the furious instincts of a goaded animal. It is almost more than I can bear—to think, feel, know, that your whole soul is mine and yet that we must part because it would beggar you to link your fate with mine. In the face of all this, when I meet the man—the human barrier to our happiness—I become a veritable savage.

"The other night at Harley's stag dinner a man rose and drank to you and him, and offered congratulations. Caruthers was manly enough to admit that there was no positive engagement, but he said it was tacitly the same thing. Then a fellow spoke up and said: 'Of course, it's settled, Caruthers. The woman never has been born who could refuse to marry a man at a sacrifice of ten millions in hard cash.'

"The whole party, excepting myself, drank—drank to you and him. While they were getting up I left the room. I thought I was unnoticed, but he had his malicious eye on me and grinned knowingly. As I looked back and saw his taunting face a horrible idea crept into my brain. Knowing that you despise him, and that they will eventually bend your spirit to the ordeal of marriage to him, it flashed into my head that if he were to fall dead where he stood you would be free—we would be liberated. Later another thought came—that if he were to fall by my hand, and even if I had to give up my life in consequence, you would secure your inheritance and in the end would find happiness. Pardon me, darling, but I am beside myself to-day. Bantinni hates him as cordially as I do. I can detect that in his constant allusions to the will. And I am sorry for Bantinni, because he is suffering also. I have never liked him before, but I love to hear him denounce my rival. It is sweet music to my ear, and the count sees the injustice to me in it all."

The girl did not finish the letter. She was convinced now of her lover's guilt. Again her head drooped downward till it rested on her cold arms. She told herself that indirectly she was to blame for it all. She had really intended to throw the inheritance to the winds rather than crucify the purest yearning of her soul and drag the man she adored down into the dregs of despair, and she bitterly reproached herself for not at once acquainting him with that secret resolve. She had refrained only at the earnest request of her solicitors, who begged for time to investigate the legal status of the matter before she acted, and she had allowed them and her aunt to overpersuade her, and now—

She tried to sob out the awful agony pent up within her, but her eyes remained dry, her torture became more and more severe. She rose, and with her hands clasped behind her neck and her head drawn downward she began to pace to and fro. Near the door she walked into the arms of Mrs. Winfret.

"Oh, darling!" cried that lady, "I thought you were asleeep."

"For God's sake don't talk to me!" The girl ground the words between her teeth.

Mrs. Winfret put her hands on the girl's shoulders, and turned her rigid face to the light. It was as if Mrs. Winfret were afraid that a single word from her would evoke another outburst, for she said not a word.

"Oh, aunt!" escaped the girl's white lips, "I cannot bear it—I simply cannot!"

The elderly lady released her niece and sat down.

"You believe Arthur Gielow did it," she said, slowly and distinctly. "Well, I am afraid so, too. Poor fellow! he must have been out of his senses, but it is a disgrace to bring your name before the world in such an outrageous manner."

Dorothy moved quickly to her aunt and laid her hands on her shoulder.

"I must see him at once," she said, calmly, decidedly. "He has done it all for me. He must be told that the crime has been discovered. He was in his studio this afternoon. I must warn him of his danger, and urge him to escape."

"Great heavens! where would you go?" gasped Mrs. Winfret.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Honesty Not the Best Policy.

He was an honest young man, unused to the ways of society, and making a call on one of the most stunning young ladies of the city. "How I love beauty," she said. "It seems to me I would give almost any other worldly possession in exchange for beauty."

"Don't mind if you're not handsome," he replied, "it's much better to be kind and good."

Then he went home wondering what had given him a chill.—Detroit Free Press.

Pessimism.

"There is a great deal of difference," she said, with sarcasm, "between the way a man parts with his money before he is married and afterward."

"Yes," replied Mr. Pennywise. "Before marriage, when he gives her a three-dollar bunch of flowers, she says 'Thank you, George! You are so good and kind and generous!' But after, when he gives her three-fourths of his salary, she merely looks hurt and says: 'Is that all?'"—Washington Star.

A Fortunate Youth.

"What beautiful linen young Scrimsby wears."

"Yes; lucky dog; he married a laundress!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Evil Dispositions Are Early Shown."

Just so evil in the blood comes out in shape of scrofula, pimples, etc., in children and young people. Taken in time it can be eradicated by using Hood's Sarsaparilla. In older people, the aftermath of irregular living shows itself in bilious conditions, a heavy head, a foul mouth, a general bad feeling.

It is the blood, the impure blood, friends, which is the real cause. Purify that with Hood's Sarsaparilla and happiness will reign in your family.

Blood Poison—"I lived in a bed of fire for years owing to blood poisoning that followed small pox. It broke out all over my body, itching intensely. Tried doctors and hospitals in vain. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla. It helped. I kept at it and was entirely cured. I could go on the housetops and shout about it." MRS. J. T. WILLIAMS, Carbondale, Pa.

Scrofula Sores—"My baby at two months had scrofula sores on cheek and arm. Local applications and physicians' medicine did little or no good. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him permanently. He is now four, with smooth fair skin." MRS. S. S. WROTEN, Farmington, Del.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HE DID NOT HAVE IT.

How a Joshing Judge Salted Down a Delightfully Fresh Young Man.

William Lightfoot Visscher tells this characteristic story of Hon. Isaac Parker, famous as the terrible judge at Fort Smith, Ark., who probably sentenced more men to be executed than any other judge that ever lived. This was not, however, because he was so unrelentingly severe, but because he had the hardest and most numerous lot of criminals to deal with that ever came within the jurisdiction of such an official. One day when there was an unusually large batch of culprits to be sentenced, the judge looked compassionately over his spectacles at one young scamp, and said:

"In consideration of the youth and inexperience of this prisoner I shall let him off with a fine of $50—"

Before the judge had done speaking the very fresh young man coolly stretched his right leg and ran his hand into his trousers' pocket on one side, remarking nonchalantly as he did so:

"That's all hunky, judge; I've got that much right here in my jeans."

"And one year in the penitentiary," concluded the judge. Then looking over at the convict in a quizzical sort of way, he added: "Do you happen to have that in your jeans?"—Woman's Home Companion.

IS YOUR HAIR TURNING GRAY?

What does your mirror say? Does it tell you of some little streaks of gray? Are you pleased? Do your friends of the same age show this loss of power also?

Just remember that gray hair never becomes darker without help, while dark hair rapidly becomes gray when once the change begins.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

will bring back to your hair the color of youth. It never fails. It is just as sure as that heat melts snow, or that water quenches fire.

It cleanses the scalp also and prevents the formation of dandruff. It feeds and nourishes the bulbs of the hair making them produce a luxuriant growth. It stops the hair from falling out and gives a fine soft finish to the hair as well.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp which you may obtain free upon request.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor about it.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

The Cause of Free Silver.

THE GOLD METAL TRICK.

Catch Phrases Are the Main Stock of Those Who Argue for the Single Standard.

The gold metal trick is undoubtedly the most ingenious and simple device ever invented by man to defraud and plunder the honest, confiding labor class. And when its far-reaching results are considered, it is the most stupendous and successful bunco game ever worked on the most intelligent and highly civilized nations of the world. The scheme originated in England and is a product of the brain of the Bank of England Jew financiers. The gold metal scheme owes not a little of its success to the jargon its inventors use. Pleasant-sounding phrases, like Motor Keely's ingenious scientific vocabulary, have not a little mystic power on the public, and people of more than ordinary intelligence are readily humbugged by them. Gold basis was at first used by the inventors of our modern money phrases, but was dropped for the more captivating term of "gold standard." "Sound money" is another ingenious, but entirely meaningless term or phrase, used by gold bunco steerers. "Honest money," also a captivating part of their jargon, and "debased currency" are the chief phrases of this financial jargon used to conjure with and delude a simple too-confiding public.

If a meaning descriptive of money be searched for in these terms it will not be found. They are a mean jingle to please the ear and confuse the public mind not unlike the sleight-of-hand tricks of a juggler. Gold is very little in use as money but as metal, wholly independent of money, and for the purpose of controlling the functions of money. It is assumed that a certain number of grains of gold shall represent a money unit and nothing else shall be used to constitute that unit. The legal tender power of government conferred on money is sought to be abolished and the money function lodged in gold metal alone. By clandestine legislation, secured mainly by bribery, the gold metal bunco men have well nigh accomplished their purpose.

The money which effects exchanges, the only true function of money, is silver and paper. This money and gold metal which banks may hold are used, on which they sell credit or discount promissory notes that are liens on the property of borrowers. Through these mediums the business of the country is transacted. When a given number of grains of gold alone constitute the money unit all evidences of debt call for their redemption or settlement in gold or its equivalent. The legal tender money function being taken from government and lodged in gold, the quantity of money is controlled by the owners of gold. All debts or deferred payments calling for gold, the holders of such obligations very readily draw all gold into their possession or control completely that which is not held in their possession by the debts which they hold.

The ingenious contrivance of substituting gold metal in place of government legal tender it will be readily seen places the entire control of money in the hands of the creditors, and, having control of the money of the country, they hold complete control of all the property of every kind and fix prices at their pleasure. Government is powerless to aid the people, and government itself becomes the servant of the gold monopoly or trust. Under the gold metal financial system it is wholly impossible for a rise in prices to take place. The amount of gold in existence representing the quantity, or rather prescribing the quantity, of money that shall be issued must forever hold down the price of property on the level with the quantity of gold in the world. The quantity of gold is steadily falling behind the increasing amount of products to be exchanged by money and the increase of population. Under this condition of affairs falling prices are inevitable, and the industrial or producing classes must grow poorer by having to increase the products of their labor to buy a dollar in effecting the exchange of their products.

Under the gold metal financial system if the banks or government should issue more currency than they can command gold to redeem it with, the currency immediately drops to a discount. The number of dollars required to purchase or exchange for the prescribed number of gold grains constituting the money unit will be increased, which is the same thing as a fall in the price of merchandise.

If government attempts to use its prerogative of issuing money when deprived of the power of legal tender its currency is placed at a discount and all debts, government and private, contracted during the period of circulation of the promise to pay, or redeemable money and prices of products are nominally high will call for the number of dollars that money represents. When pay day comes the debt is held up to represent the number of grains of gold its units call for while the money and property which the debt is based on and represented in equity is scaled down.

This piece of financial legerdemain is the cause of our national, corporation, municipal and mortgage debts now resting so heavily on the people.

The crushing power of the gold metal financial system was exemplified under the Harrison and Cleveland administrations, when they assumed the gold financial system to legally exist, and paid out gold in exchange for greenbacks. The law gave them the option, which is a legal order binding on its servant to obey, to pay silver in their redemption. It was well known to the country and to Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland, that the greenback run on the treasury was a fraudulent, Shylock transaction, they acted as though the government was as securely under the gold metal trust as though the law had placed them in that position. Mr. McKinley stands ready to do the same thing if opportunity offers.

The transactions under these administrations serve as an object lesson of what the gold metal financial system is capable of if securely placed in power by congress and the president. Money was drawn out of the treasury to make the nation appear to be in a state of poverty, and borrowing was resorted to to replenish the treasury and keep up the nation's credit. The same money was paid back in exchange for interest-bearing bonds that was drawn out with non-interest-bearing greenbacks, which in no other sense differed from the bonds in point of safety, except the matter of interest. If the gold metal system was established, not only government, but every business firm and individual would be placed in the power of the gold trust as completely as Harrison and Cleveland illegally placed the government and President McKinley stands ready to do. There is a bill now before congress with provisions to establish permanently this gold metal system instead of the constitutional government system, and it is there, by the suggestion and desire of William McKinley, to sell his country to the gold sharks in exchange for their aid to give him another term of the presidency.—E. E. Ewing, in Silver Knight-Watchman.

A HARD CASH STORY.

The Silver Dollar and the Gold Coin Fall Into an Argument on Free Silver.

A Silver Dollar dropped into a cash drawer where there was a Gold Coin. When his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he discovered his companion, and cried out merrily:

"Hello, Mr. Gold Coin, you look bright and new."

"And why shouldn't I look bright and new?" replied the Gold Coin. "I have nothing to do."

"Well, now, that sounds strange," mused the Silver Dollar. "I have more than I can do, Mr. Gold Coin."

The Gold Coin languidly sniffed his aristocratic nose and remarked:

"That is nothing to me. I do not have to go out among the common people and work, like you do. I have substitutes to do my work, and you, Mr. Silver Dollar, are one of them."

"Then," said the Silver Dollar, with a merry twinkle in his bright eye, "you are not money—you merely represent money, while I am the real thing."

"Humph!" muttered the Gold Coin, with a lofty air, "I should like to know how you came to be money—a common fellow like you."

The Silver Dollar was too good natured to get angry at the surly reply of his companion, but smiled pleasantly and said:

"Well, Mr. Gold Coin, that is easy for me to do. While you lie here in the drawer and represent money, as you say, I am the real stuff. I don't represent anybody or anything. I am no man's slave. I am free, and I go out and circulate among the people and make them all happy and prosperous, while you lie here in the dark and do nothing. You might as well not be in existence, for your substitutes, as you call them, could do their work without you as well as with you."—Mississippi Valley Democrat.

"Sound Money" Patriots.

Some of the cable telegraph companies have presented pretty steep claims to the government for damages for the interruption of their business caused by the Spanish war. Doubtless in time they will receive all that they demand. In order to effect an early settlement the companies might, with the concurrence of the authorities, select as sole referee some just man now in the public service to pass upon their claims. We have a dim recollection that such a course was pursued by another telegraph company not so long ago—in fact, since the incoming of the present administration—with entirely satisfactory results to the company. Of course the reversing of a lawful act of a former republican postmaster-general was a matter of little consequence. —Knights of Labor Journal.

A GREAT CRIME.

McKinley's Election Brought About by Coercion and Corruption.

In a recent address Rev. Burt Estes Howard, the noted Congregational preacher of Los Angeles, Cal., said:

"No policy was ever adopted in the history of the world that savored more of the sophistry that a good end justified a corrupt means. It is like playing the harlot to obtain money to put on the collection plate. Do not tell me that the men who manipulated that great fund for buying votes, the men who intimidated and coerced by threats of various calamities the poor voter who was forced to make merchandise of his manhood in order to hold his position and save his little ones from starvation; do not tell me that these men who subverted the fundamental principles of a republican form of government, the right of independent suffrage and the free choice of those who shall rule over us, believe in republican institutions. They do not. They believe that they have found something better than a democracy. They have bartered the legacy of our forefathers for financial and commercial despotism.

"If some man would declare that this talk of coercion is false, he must go to some one else besides me to find a patient and credulous listener to his lying preaching. Was I not approached in my own study, with subtle threatenings and insinuations? Was I not myself told that should I vote for that princely soul, whom I am proud to call my friend, William Jennings Bryan, whom any man may call his friend, for he is the friend of man rather than of parties, was I not told that, should I vote for him, my church would lose the patronage of certain influential men who were intending to become a part of my congregation?

"Aye, was I not insulted and humiliated by being requested by certain individuals, who shall be forever nameless, to take my ballot on election day, my ballot, the sacred credentials of my manhood and of my citizenship, the emblem of that holy sacrament of political fellowship in civic liberty, the sign and seal of that divine birthright which marked me as a freeman among freemen, that I should take that badge of my own personal independence and show it, already marked for the ballot box, to certain republicans who were designated and assure them that I would cast it for William McKinley? Think of it, men! What did I say? I said this: 'You go back to the men who sent you here and tell them that this is my reply: "Gentlemen, d—n you!"' (Great cheering.) And if ever such language is permissible that was the time. It was not the minister, but the man, who spoke, and the man is always larger than his calling.

"From that day I registered a solemn vow that so long as the republican party was dominated by such a policy I would never vote its ticket. And I will not, so help me God. Nor will I vote for any party which attempts to prostitute my manhood. I have never made this statement public before. I make it now in order that some of my friends may understand my position and the reasons which impel me to take it. Men, am I wrong? Shall anything stand higher in any man's estimation than his own honor?

"Compared with the crime of 1896, when a direct blow was made at the very foundation of our republican institutions, the 'crime of 1873' is as nothing. What does it signify, the raising of that immense corruption fund? What does this openly avowed participation of the railroads and of great corporate bodies and trusts in national and state politics indicate? These things indicate not only a conspiracy on the part of the captains of industry, and the owners of great monopolies and the shrewd operators in finance to manipulate the affairs of state and our political institutions for their own advantage, but that the leaders of a great party, the commercial and moneyed magnates of this mighty country have lost faith in the fundamental principles of the republic, have ceased from their allegiance to the institutions of our governmental system and have determined to substitute for the free functions of democracy the iron rule of a financial and commercial despotism."

Imperialistic Pleasures.

A dispatch from Washington announces that preparations are being made for an official investigation into our new West Indian possessions. The secretary of war, Mr. Alger, has invited the members of the senate and house military committees to take their wives and accompany him on a tour through the West Indies. They will visit Porto Rico and Cuba. The party will sail from New York March 6, which is immediately after the adjournment of congress, on the steamship Berlin and will be gone until April 1. The party will live on the steamer during the entire journey and make short trips into the interior of Cuba and Porto Rico. Thus those in position to enjoy those things are quick to seize the pleasures of imperialism at public expense.—Utica Observer.

——Senator Hanna's marine bounty bill looks like a new scheme to extract gold from sea water. Frauds keep on as long as the people are suckers.—St. Louis Republic.

TIME FOR THEM TO SPEAK.

The Republican Administration Adds Treachery to Evasion of Duty.

The treaty of peace has been ratified. The "traitors," "copperheads" and "obstructionists" no longer stand in the way of progress. Is it not time that the administration should declare to the people of this country its policy respecting the Philippine archipelago? Are we not entitled to know, either from the white house or from the senate chamber, just what is to be done with the islands? Is there any longer an excuse for concealment or delay?

The question is an important one. It involves momentous consequences. We are to continue on a war footing indefinitely—paying heavy taxes for the maintenance of a large army—or we are to revert gradually to the status quo ante bellum, devoting ourselves to commerce instead of conquest. We should know at once which policy we are to follow. We have no such knowledge now.

William McKinley is the leader of his party—at least he is supposed to be. Can anyone, from his contradictory declarations, form an idea of the republican party's policy with regard to the Philippines? A year and a half ago he declared officially that territorial aggression would be a crime. In September of this year he adopted the policy he once denounced and through his commissioners at Paris demanded and secured from Spain the cession of the entire Philippine archipelago. Three months ago he proclaimed to the Filipinos that they were to be made subjects of the American republic—"benevolently assimilated," as he preferred to put it. Yet a week later his personal organ in Chicago, reenforced by Senator Foraker in Washington, explicitly denied that there was any intention to "assimilate" the Filipinos against their will. Is anything to be made of this jumble of contradictions—affirmations one week, denials the next? Why shouldn't the president speak?

Or, if the president won't speak, why shouldn't the senate speak for him? We have heard from the senate a great deal of perfervid patriotic oratory during the last five weeks. Appeals have been made to the loyalty of anti-expansion senators. The old flag has been waved as persistently as if an appropriation bill were under discussion. "Ratify the treaty as patriotic Americans" has been the cry, and it has been responded to. Yet now that the treaty has been ratified there is no disposition manifest to define the policy of the government in the Philippines. Thus treachery is added to evasion.

Surely this is a cowardly and pitiful attitude to be assumed by a party which claims to have behind it the great majority of the people—democrats as well as republicans. All that is needed is a simple declaration from the president or from the senate. Are we to keep the Philippines temporarily or permanently? Is territorial aggression a crime or is it not? Are we to lick war stamps until the end of time or are we some day to return to the comfortable if inglorious task of minding our own business, leaving the Filipinos, the Cubans and all the other barbarians on earth to take care of themselves?

Isn't there manhood enough in the national administration to face the question and make a plain answer once for all?—Chicago Chronicle.

PRESS COMMENTS.

——Deficit without imperialism, $159,000,000. With imperialism, what will the harvest be?—Utica Observer.

——It happens that Gen. Eagan isn't like the man who doesn't stand in with the administration.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

——Not one private soldier was called before the war investigating commission. The private soldier got the proof of the pudding by eating it and his testimony was not wanted. — Kansas City Times.

——Our soldiers must get used to slaughtering human beings by wholesale and shedding blood in rivers, and the American people at home must get used to reading about it, for it is an inevitable accompaniment of the policy of imperialism and conquest of territory upon which the administration has entered with such apparent determination and gusto.—Wheeling Register.

——More than $850,000,000 worth of the exports of the country last year were the products of the farm, and in the aggregate they held first place in the country's foreign commerce. The tariff has been patting itself on the back for the commercial expansion, but it seems that, after all, it is chiefly the unprotected farmer who is carrying the flag around the world.—Philadelphia Record.

——The public has reason to be suspicious of the marked tendency toward usurpation of power by the present executive administration and toward wanton disregard of the expressed wishes of the people through their lawful representatives. The McKinleyites are sowing the wind of anarchy in their disregard of law and established precedent. The whirlwind will follow. —Grand Rapids (Mich.) Democrat.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Krupp, the great German gun manufacturer, has made 20,000 cannons.

Some one has ascertained that most of the great men of the world have had blue eyes.

Lord Salisbury says that when a lad he used to commit to memory the orations of Cicero and that he can still recite the more famous ones without a mistake.

In Gov. Roosevelt's study at Albany, N. Y., is the head of a large deer, the victim of the owner's rifle, and over the spreading antlers hangs the campaign hat of the rough riders' lieutenant colonel.

When Bobby grows up he will be a politician; for when he was asked: "Bobby, won't you give a penny to help build Lafayette a monument?" he replied: "No, ma'am, not unless we git his birthday fer a hollerday."

"Don't go near my pictures; they smell badly of paint," said Rembrandt to his visitors. Of course, it was only his jocular way of warning people that his canvases, or, at any rate, the majority of them, ought to be looked at from a distance.

M. Vernon, the French artist who engraved the medal offered to the czar by the French fleet, has received an order from the king of Denmark for a medallion of Queen Louise, to be prepared from the best of the family photographs.

The sacred book of the Sikhs, now in the possession of the marquis of Dufferin, is only about half the size of a postage stamp. An even smaller volume would contain the records of the good work that some men do who occupy a large space in the eyes of the world.

Garibaldi was once presented with a medal made of his own blood. The giver was Dr. Manini, of Naples, who was well known as a petrifier and preserver of the human body. Dr. Manini, in offering his gift, to Garibaldi, said that whenever the general looked at it, it would brace him up for the last fight; and across the medal were engraved the words: "The blood of Garibaldi is forever red." The strange medal is preserved by the general's descendants.

ESKIMO PECULIARITIES.

They Will Not Drink Whisky, But a Husky Thinks Little of Killing His Family.

D. Hanbury, Fellow of the Royal Geographical society, London, England, and an explorer of some renown, spent a part of last summer on the west side of Hudson's bay, leaving Winnipeg in June and going as far north as Marble island, a little south of Chesterfield inlet. Mr. Hanbury is thoroughly conversant with the manners and customs of the Indians in the great Canadian northland. He spent seven months with the Yellow Knife Indians, around the great water stretches of the north, and when he left them was able to speak a good deal of their language and understand considerable that was said in the same tongue.

Nothing can induce the Yellow Knives or the Dog Rib Indians, the explorer states, to come over to the Hudson bay basin, as they are in mortal dread of the Eskimo. It appears that they were at war formerly, and the Indians received a severe drubbing, hence their fear of the Eskimo. Mr. Hanbury, however, is delighted with the Eskimo, saying that they are first-rate people to travel with, and are as loyal and true as steel to the white man. He points out that there is a great difference between the Eskimo and Indian character. The first are gay, while the latter are morose and sullen. The Eskimos, although quite ignorant, are absolutely happy, and will always be found laughing and in the best of humor. As for their religion, Mr. Hanbury says, they have none. When a Husky dies that is the end of him, according to their belief; so the missions at Churchill and elsewhere have been unable to make even a little out of the Eskimo. If they get plenty of tea and tobacco, the Eskimos are all right, although it is only of late that the Husky drinks tea.

Mr. Hanbury says life is just as safe in those remote wilds as in this or any other Canadian city, although he has a photograph of a Husky who broke all his family ties by killing his wife and all her relatives. This, however, is an isolated case, and the affair would be called a family trouble in civilized countries. The murderer still lives up there, and his crime does not appear to rest heavily upon his conscience.

The explorer says the Eskimos are exactly in the same condition as in the days of Franklin, and their number does not seem to have either diminished or increased. They are total abstainers in spite of the stories afloat about these people getting liquor from the American whalers and becoming drunkards. He has seen them refuse to taste liquor time and again, and for some reason they hold it in the greatest horror. They will follow the white man anywhere.—N. Y. Times.

Burglary Unprofitable in London.

Burglary no longer pays in London. The police reports for last year show that the whole fraternity of burglars earned only $90,000.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY, : May 11, 1899

FOR GOVERNOR,

P. WAT HARDIN,

OF HARRODSBURG.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For State Auditor.

We are authorized to announce JOHN B. CHENAULT, of Madison county, as a candidate for Auditor of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic convention in 1899.

DEAR SIR: I beg to announce my candidacy for the office of commissioner of agriculture. Having been a farmer all my life, as well as a lawyer by profession, it seems to me that my qualifications in that respect are entitled to fair consideration. I should, at all events, be very glad to be assured of your personal good will and support. Very truly,

TOBIAS GIBSON.

Personally we are unacquainted with Mr. Gibson, but nevertheless we take pleasure in introducing him to our readers on account of his brother, Hon. Hart Gibson, of Fayette, a warm personal friend and a magnificent gentleman in all that the term implies. Taking it for granted that Mr. Gibson, the candidate, is a piece off the same bolt of brilliancy, we have no hesitancy in saying to our farmers that they will make no mistake in giving his claims choice consideration. He lives in Woodford, and his circular is dated at "Mirader Farm."

OUR old friend, C. B. Hill, seems to have a cinch on the Democratic nomination for secretary of state, judging from what we have seen in newspapers and heard from individuals. Breck Hill was raised in Lee county and only recently removed to Winchester. In his own home county, in the county of his adoption and wherever he is generally known he has hosts of good and true friends who will glory in his triumphant success. Personally we should indeed be proud of his preferment, and we hope the people of Eastern Kentucky—the Democratic party, at least—will give him their individual support.

JOHN B. CHENAULT, the Madison candidate for state auditor, continues to lead in his race and is so far ahead that the other candidates seem to have been lost in the chase.

The Farm Journal has nearly two million readers each issue; it is putting in a new press that will print 200 copies a minute; it is the best farm paper in America, and it pleases the women folks all to pieces. We have made a special arrangement by which we are able to send the Farm Journal for the balance of 1899 and all of 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903, nearly five years to all subscribers of THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD who pay a year in advance. Call and get a sample copy. Please be prompt.

After 14 year of honest toil, it looks as though all our work must spoil WITHOUT SALT TO SAVE IT. Just walk up and lay a dollar down, and I'll be a happy man in town!

Rev. J. H. Wallin will preach at Gillmore Sunday morning at the usual time and here at night.

Oscar Young, of Maytown, died erly yesterday morning.

Written for THE HERALD.]

THE MODEL BOY.

No doubt you've seen some model boys
As you go traveling round,
And should you visit Hazel Green
You'll find one in this town.

He's not like others you may see,
And meet with every day;
He listens to his pa and ma
Because he's built that way.

He does not walk in mud holes,
As some boys do to-day;
He says his pa don't give him shoes
To wear out in that way.

He doesn't rack and fool about,
And thump his sister round;
I tell you, friends, it is a fact,
His equal can't be found.

I've known this boy two years or more,
Been with him in the house;
He's at his best when sound a sleep,
And quiet as a mouse.

Perhaps you'll meet him some fine day,
With all he'll have a chat;
The name of this great, master mind,
Is little Tom Pieratt.

—[SAM WILSON.

Hazel Green, Ky.

The Eagle, King of All Birds, is noted for its keen sight, clear and distinct vision. So are those persons who use Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve for weak eyes, styes, sore eyes of any kind or granulated lids. Sold by all dealers at 25 cents.

Died, on Monday, at his home in the Cox mill neighborhood, Robt. Nickell. He was buried at the Holderby place Tuesday.

Coughed 25 Years.

I suffered for 25 years with a cough, and spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for medicine to no avail until I used Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. This remedy makes weak lungs strong. It has saved my life.—J. B. Rossell, Grantsburg, Ill.

Uncle Andy Nickell, of the Cox mill neighborhood, is quite ill, and his advanced age renders his condition dangerous.

Hon. John W. Yerkes, of Boyle county, will be run as the Bradley candidate for the Republican nomination for governor, and will be opposed by Gen. W. S. Taylor, as the representative of the Hunter faction.

Mrs. Wiley Perkins was in town shopping Monday.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

SPRING 1899.

TREES.....PLANTS.....VINES.

Fruit and Ornamental Trees,
Shrubs, Small Fruits,
Everything for Orchard,
Lawn and Garden.

We employ no agents, but sell at reasonable prices. Strawberry and Tree Catalogues on application to

H. F. HILLENMEYER,
LEXINGTON, KY.
Phone 278.

YOUR MAIL ORDERS

For anything and everything in the line of DRUGS, SUNDRIES, TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMES, SOAPS, TOBACCOS, CIGARS and Prescription Specialties will be promptly filled by us. Write us when you can't find what you want in your own stores. JAS. E. COOPER, Druggist,
51-13 LEXINGTON, KY.

O. H. HARRISON
Attorney-at-Law,
COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY AND RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE.
451 W. JEFFERSON STREET,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
Reference, J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green.

J. A. TAULBEE, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Surgery and obstetrics a specialty.

J. TAYLOR DAY,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in
General Merchandise, Lumber,
Real Estate, &c.
Also, President Hazel Green Fair and Driving Park Association and the Farmers' Exchange.

OLD PAPERS, Clean and Nice, for sale at this office at 20 cents per 100.

NOT MADE BY A TRUST
CUP HANDSPIKE
TORCHLIGHT
ON THE SQUARE
PLUG TOBACCO
STRATTON BROTHERS TOBACCO INC. LOUISVILLE KY.

A $12.00 Made To Order Man's Suit, for $6.98

BY BUYING DIRECT FROM
E. ROSENBURGER & CO.,
202-204 E. 102d St., NEW YORK CITY.
The Largest Clothing Manufacturers in America.

OUR GREAT BARGAIN OFFER!
$5 BOYS' ADONIS SUITS FOR 2.76
with Extra Pants and we Pay Expressage.

These Suits are made up of All Wool Cassimeres trimmed with fast black Sateen, the best of workmanship, cut Double Breasted, Sizes, 3 to 9 years, with Silk Embroidered Sailor Collar, 10 to 15 years, without Sailor Collar. All Pants have Patent Waist Bands. We send pieces of the cloth and extra buttons, with each suit. Kindly mention if large or small for age.

When ordering send Post Office, Express Money Order or Registered Letters, also age at last birthday, and if large or small for his age. Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory. Send 2c. stamps for samples, tape measure, measuring blanks, etc.

FRED J. HEINTZ,
Manufacturing : Jeweler,
DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Diamonds,
SILVERWARE, OPTICAL GOODS,
Solid Gold and Silver Medals and Class Pins.
Unexcelled Repairing Facilities.
135 E. Main Street,
LEXINGTON, KY.

Price List for Watch and Clock Repairing

Cleaning Watch, American make....	$1.50
" " Old English Lever.	2.00
Main Spring.....	1.50
Cleaning Clock, Amer. 8 day.....	1.25
" " French make.....	3.50
" " Nickle alarm style...	.50
Main sping in clock, Amer. make.....	1.00
" " French make...	2.50
Mending (soldering) Gold Spectacles	25-35c
" " Steel " ...	25c.

Repairing Jewelry according to nature of repairs.
New pins fitted into brooches (pins) 15c.

30 Days' Trial

The marvelous power exerted by my Electric Belt and Appliances, induces me to offer it to suffering men on 30 Days' Trial, so certain am I that it will cure and that you will gladly pay for the use of it. To men who have battered their stomachs with drugs I want them to exercise their judgement and consider that Electricity is the greatest power on earth. Its unseen current puts life and force into whatever it touches. The constant, steady life extended by my New Electric Appliances gives instant relief and never fails to cure Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney Troubles, Early Decay, Night Losses, Lack of Nerve Force and Vigor, Nervous Debility, Undevelopement and Lost Vitality. You may not have faith in it now, but WEAR IT FOR 30 DAYS and you will then realize why I have such confidence in it as to send it to you ON TRIAL. Write to-day for Illustrated Pamphlet with references and signed testimonials. Sent free in plain sealed envelope.
PROF. A. CHRYSTAL, Inventor,
296 Postoffice Block, Marshall, Mich.

Do You Want to Make Money?

$10.00 to $25.00 per Week Guaranted.

We want intelligent, hustling representatives to handle the most beautiful and popular line of fast selling books and Bibles ever issued by any house. Up-to-date, quick sellers, low retail prices, liberal terms and fair dealing are the inducements we offer. Credits given and freights paid. We want you with us. Don't make your plans till you hear from us. Write us by return mail.
THE HUDGINS PUB. CO.,
je8 Kiser Building, Atlanta, Ga.

Great CLOTHING Sale,
At
Louis & Gus Straus',
LEXINGTON, KY.

Beautiful Cassimere Suits, at : : $5.00
Beautiful Blue Suits, G. A. R. style, at : 5.00
Genuine Imported Blue Serge Suits, at 10.00
Best 25c. Underwear in the World.

Our Merchant Tailoring Department is the most extensive in Kentucky, and in fit, workmanship, &c., we defy the world.

Our stock of Boys' and Children's Clothing is complete, representing the products of all the leading manufacturers of the United States.

We do not deal in Shoddy Goods, Auction Sale Goods or Fire Sale Goods.

Our reputation for the past thirty years is a sufficient guarantee.

LOUIS & GUS STRAUS,
Lexington's Leading Clothiers.

TRAINING
AND
FEED STABLES

I have opened my Training and Feed Stable, and will keep on hand plenty of feed and a full supply of vehicles and traps. Parties coming from a distance, who may desire horses pastured for a few days or weeks can have the bezt pasture at reasonable rates.

LIVERY STABLES.

Also, for the convenience and accommodation of guests of the Day House, at Hazel Green, and L Park Hotel at Torrent, I have opened nearby two first-class livery stables, where I will keep buggies, saddle horses and hacks for hire at all times. Persons wishing a vehicle to meet them at McCausey can telephone me and have any desired vehicle or saddle horse promptly.

I will also have a full supply of hacks for hire to drummers, which will be in charge of careful drivers, and for which they can contract by the day for any length of time.

Persons intending to visit Day and Swango Springs will be met at either McCausey or Torrent with team and driver, and I will have pleasure in shipping water for them whenever desired:

Day and Swango water, fresh and free, on ice and tap for guests at L Park Hotel.

J. TAYLOR DAY.

F. A. LYON, JR.,
The Leading Insurance Agent of Eastern Kentucky,
Offices: Beattyville, Jackson, Hazel Green.
W. H. PIERATT has charge of the Hazel Green office, and all business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. PATRONIZE A HOME AGENCY.

RESTORED MANHOOD
DR. MOTT'S NERVERINE PILLS
The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failing or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

THE HERALD.

Red River Valley Railway Co.'s
TIME CARD.

☞Train leaves McCausey at 6 o'clock a. m., connecting with train at Rothwell for Mt. Sterling. Returning, leaves Rothwell at 4 p. m. JAMES MUIR, Gen. Agt.
Rothwell, Ky.

A Great Offer. FARM JOURNAL From now to Dec, 1903, Nearly 5 Years.

By special arrangement made with the publishers of the FARM JOURNAL we are enabled to offer that paper to every subscriber who pays for THE HERALD one year ahead for only $1.00 both papers for the price of ours only; our paper one year and the FARM JOURNAL from now until December 1903, nearly 5 years. The FARM JOURNAL is an old established paper enjoying great popularity, one of the best and most useful farm papers published.

This offer should be accepted without delay.

Noah Cisco went to West Liberty Friday.

Minnie L. Day visited Maytown last week.

Mrs. Lizzie Kash was in town shopping Monday.

Remember the basket supper at the academy Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Swango visited her mother and family Saturday and Sunday last.

Mrs. Dr. J. M. Kash and daughter, Miss Maggie, left on Monday morning to visit friends and relatives at Jackson.

Willie Gevedon, representing the Paris Grocery Co., and a gentleman named Davis registered Monday night at the Day House.

Mat G. Dunaway, of Maytown, passed through here Monday en route to Magoffin county, where he will try to buy some sheep and other stock.

Regular services at the Christian church on Sunday morning and evening, to both of which everybody is cordially invited and will be welcomed.

Rev. John D. Burchfield requests us to announce that he will preach at the Frank Johnson schoolhouse on Lacy creek on the fourth Sunday in this month.

Wm. H. Cord will preach at the Johnson school house on Lacy creek on Sunday afternoon. His topic will be, "Our Part in the Evangelization of the World."

Bert Daniel, erstwhile a Deputy United States marshal, but now a dry goods and notion drummer for a Louisville house, was registered at the Day House Sun lay night.

Ike Hartfield, representing the dry goods and notion house of Guggenheimer & Co., Lynchburg, Va., was in cur town over Sunday, and as usual sold some good bills here and hereabouts.

Mrs. F. N. Day and sister, Mrs. Seburn Trimble, visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Wills, of Maytown, last Thursday, and were present at the grand log rolling dinner. Quite a crowd was present.

The following young women and men will be graduated from Hazel Green academy June 7th: Misses Callie Oney and Lula Taulbee, and Messrs. Noah Cisco, W. A. Caskey, S. H. Nickell, Monroe Wallin and Curtis Rose.

Prevention is better than cure. Keep your blood pure, your appetite good and your digestion perfect by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla, gentle, efficient.

The order of exercises for commencement week at Hazel Green academy will be:

June 3, 8 p. m.—Oratorical Contest.

June 4, 11 a. m.—Baccalaureate Sermon.

June 4, 8 p. m.—Address to the Young People.

June 5, 8 p. m.—General Entertainment by School.

June 6, 10 a. m.—Final Session of School.

June 6, 8 p. m.—Declamatory Contest.

June 7, 10:30 a. m.—Commencement Program.

June 7, 8 p. m.—Alumni Entertainment.

June 8, a. m.—Good Bye.

The public school at this place, with Ova Swango as teacher, began a five months' session Monday. It will be remembered that one set of trustees employed Mr. Swango to teach the regular term, but before he was installed the other trustees took possession of the house and put Miss Mallie James in charge, who taught the school but has not received any compensation. The understanding now is that the pay will go to Mr. Swango, who seems to be the legally authorized teacher, under a recent ruling.

Mrs. C. E. French, of Lexington, nee Mallie James of Hazel Green, arrived here Saturday evening for the purpose of teaching the public school which opened on Monday, and the trustees representing her installed her. But previously, J. M. Pieratt, whom the court of appeals decided to be chairman, had demanded the keys and not getting them waited until the schoolhouse was unlocked, when they seated Mr. Swango.

That old established and long ago distinguished clothing house, Louis & Gus Straus, has an advertisement in this issue to which the attention of our readers is especially directed. Just now they are offering some rare bargains in up-to-date and fashionable ready-to-wear clothing which should bring you to their doors quicker'n lightning. But read the ad; its right forninst your face.

The commencement program of Kentucky Wesleyan academy at Campton will be as follows:

Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 17th and 18th.—Entertainments—general and musical.

Friday evening, May 19th.—Lecture.

Admission to entertainments, 10 cents; lecture free.

The district conference of the London district, M. E. church, south, will convene at Hazel Green June 14, and continue three days. Many preachers and delegates will be expected, and it is hoped that all denominations will unite in maintaining the reputation for hospitality for which Hazel Green has hitherto been famous.

N. L. Ware, of Lexington, was here some days last week and a part of this shaking hands with Hazel Green friends, and if he could rent or buy property to suit him might again locate among us. Mrs. Ware thinks there is no place like Hazel Green, and we see where she's right.

John Evans has accepted a position with Harvey, Hagen & Co., wholesale grocers, Huntington, W. Va., and will travel this territory in the interest of that firm. He left Tuesday morning for Mt. Sterling, where he will secure his sample case, and from which point he will start.

TO THE PUBLIC: We have positive proof that the acts of cutting trees and throwing rocks and eggs were not committed by any young man boarding at the Academy Home. Every one there has too much respect for himself than to be guilty of such diabolical deeds.
WM. H. CORD.

Look at the date after your name, and if behind on subscription, WALK UP AND PAY TO-DAY. We MUST have some money, and have it p. d. q—that is, right away!

Read the advertisement of Jas. E. Cooper, Lexington, Ky., and send him your orders for drugs. Our physicians especially should patronize him for prescriptions or patent medicines that can not be secured here. Prompt and reliable service is assured.

Home Missions.

On next Sunday morning the Christian church at this place will make its annual offering for general home missions. The home mission field includes the United States, Canada and Puerto Rico. Win America for Christ, and thro' America win the world. The field is ripe unto the harvest, only put in the sickle and reap. Bring, or send, your offering on Sunday morning. WM. H. CORD.

Rev. J. W. Mitchell, of Mt. Sterling, is expected here next Monday, to assist in a series of meetings at the Methodist church, beginning Monday evening, May 15th. All are cordially invited to be present at every service

CURE rheumatism by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by neutralizing the acid in the blood permanently relieves aches and **PAINS.**

THE BEST OF THEM ALL!!

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Contains a complete novel in every number, in addition to a large quantity of useful and entertaining reading matter.

No continued stories, which are so objectionable to most readers.

It should be in every household. Subscription, $3.00 per year.

Agents wanted in every town, to whom the most liberal inducements will be offered.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers, PHILADELPHIA.

Hazel Green Academy.

Normal and Preparatory School.

PRIMARY AND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENTS.
English Course;
Latin Scientific Course;
Preparatory Classical Course;
Preparatory Ministerial Course;
Teacher's Course;
Business Course;
Musical Courses.

Thorough work in every department.

Attendance now the best in the history of the school.

Second term began January 2nd and ends June 7th, 1899.

WM. H. CORD,
Jan. 19, 1899. Principal.

CONNAUGHT 2D 3512.

This celebrated English Hackney stallion imported to the United States on June 3, 1893, will make the season of 1899 at the stables of John H. Pieratt, at Hazel Green, Ky., at the extremely low price, blood and beauty considered, of

$6 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT,
Or $5 To Insure A Mare In Foal,

money due when the fact is ascertained in either case. A lein on the colt will be retained for the season money, and in event the mare is traded off or bred to another horse the money will then be due. Every care will taken to prevent accidents, but I will not be responsible should they occur.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.

CONNAUGHT 2ND, 3512 is a beautiful bay, full 16 hands high, black mane and tail, good style and action and a fine roadster; 9 years old this spring. He was sired by Victor of Beetly 1587; dam Bonnie 1925, by Highflyer 1006; Victor of Beetley 1587 by Reliance 667, grand dam by Congress 164; Reliance 667 by Confidence 158, dam by Rifleman 670.

NOTE.—His complete pedigree covers many crosses of the thoroughbred and coach horse—but is too full to quote. Breeders are invited to call and see him and examine his pedigree at my stables.

Respectfully, J. H. PIERATT.

IKE HARTFIELD,
Headquarters Mt. Sterling, Ky.,
REPRESENTS
GUGGENHEIMER & Co.
LYNCHBURG, VA.,
Importers and Jobbers of Dry Goods, Notions and Fancy Goods. We manufacture the well known "BEATS-ALL" Pants and Overalls. Hold your orders until you see him.

R. H. BRYAN,
SALESMAN FOR
Pearson & Clark,
WHOLESALE + GROCERS,
LEXINGTON. KY.

BIGGLE BOOKS

A Farm Library of unequalled value—Practical, Up-to-date, Concise and Comprehensive—Handsomely Printed and Beautifully Illustrated.

By JACOB BIGGLE

No. 1—BIGGLE HORSE BOOK
All about Horses—a Common-Sense Treatise, with over 74 illustrations; a standard work. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 2—BIGGLE BERRY BOOK
All about growing Small Fruits—read and learn how; contains 43 colored life-like reproductions of all leading varieties and 100 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 3—BIGGLE POULTRY BOOK
All about Poultry; the best Poultry Book in existence; tells everything; with 23 colored life-like reproductions of all the principal breeds; with 103 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 4—BIGGLE COW BOOK
All about Cows and the Dairy Business; having a great sale; contains 8 colored life-like reproductions of each breed, with 132 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 5—BIGGLE SWINE BOOK
Just out. All about Hogs—Breeding, Feeding, Butchery, Diseases, etc. Contains over 80 beautiful half-tones and other engravings. Price, 50 Cents.

The BIGGLE BOOKS are unique, original, useful—you never saw anything like them—so practical, so sensible. They are having an enormous sale—East, West, North and South. Every one who keeps a Horse, Cow, Hog or Chicken, or grows Small Fruits, ought to send right away for the BIGGLE BOOKS. The

FARM JOURNAL

Is your paper, made for you and not a misfit. It is 22 years old; it is the great boiled-down, hit-the-nail-on-the-head,—quit-after-you-have-said-it, Farm and Household paper in the world—the biggest paper of its size in the United States of America—having over a million and a-half regular readers.

Any ONE of the BIGGLE BOOKS, and the FARM JOURNAL

5 YEARS (remainder of 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903) will be sent by mail to any address for A DOLLAR BILL.

Sample of FARM JOURNAL and circular describing BIGGLE BOOKS free.

WILMER ATKINSON. CHAS. F. JENKINS. Address, FARM JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

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IS THE NEW

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

in every issue of which are BEAUTIFUL COLORED ILLUSTRATIONS. Nothing to equal the beauty and finish of these WONDERFUL COLORED PICTURES has ever before been attempted in any periodical.

The series of articles now running in TRUTH on AMERICAN ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK, freely illustrated in colors and in black and white, from paintings by the artists the articles are on, is of exceptional merit and interest.

Buy a copy of any newsman. You will be pleased with it.

SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS. SUBSCRIPTION PER YEAR, $3.00

TRUTH COMPANY

19TH STREET & FOURTH AVENUE. NEW YORK

JOHN M. ROSE,

Dealer in General Merchandise,

Live Stock, Staves, Ties, &c.,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.,

INVITES the attention of the citizens of Hazel Green and vicinity to a large and select stock of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, &c., just received and opened in the brick storeroom formerly occupied by G. B. Swango.

☞ALL GOODS AS REPRESENTED OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED.

GREENE, EMBRY & CO.,

Live Stock Commission Merchants,

CINCINNATI UNION STOCK YARDS.

Long Distance Telephone 7356. ☞ALL SALES GUARANTEED.

G. B. MALONEY. J. B. ADAMS.

MALONEY & ADAMS,

SILVERSMITHS and JEWELERS,

LEE CITY, WOLFE COUNTY, KY.

Repair Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry of all kinds, at the lowest prices, and guarantee satisfaction in all cases. Special attention to orders by mail.

H. C. ROBINSON,
OF BEATTYVILLE, KY.,
WITH
R. M. HUGHES,
PROPRIETOR
Kentucky Cider & Vinegar Works,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

Hair Store.

We have in stock a full line of Hair Switches, from $1.00 to $10.00 each. Wigs, Curls and Puffs, Pompadour and Empire Combs; all styles of Hair Pins. Corsets and Waists fitted to the form. Stamped Linens at reduced prices. Silk at three (3) cents per skein. COLORINE, for changing the hair to any shade. ☞Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

MRS. M. A. KETCHUM,
Upper and Church Sts., Lexington, Ky.

ROLLIN A. KASH,
ATTORNEY-at-LAW,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,
Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties, and attend promptly to all collections entrusted to him

SILAS B. KASH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Office at residence, and calls answered at all hours. Obstetrics a specialty.

FOR THE DRUMMERS.

Dr. Talmage Preaches to the Army of Commercial Travelers.

Cautions Them to Start Right on Their Journeys—Condemns Work on the Sabbath—The Duty of Employers.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage gives words of good cheer to commercial travelers and tells of their safeguards and their opportunities; text, Nahum 2:4, "The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall justle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings."

It has been found out that many of the arts and discoveries which we supposed were peculiar to our own age are merely the restoration of the arts and discoveries of thousands of years ago. I suppose that the past centuries have forgotten more than the present century knows. It seems to me that they must have known thousands of years ago, in the days of Nineveh, of the uses of steam and its application to swift travel. In my text I hear the rush of the rail train, the clang of the wheels and the jamming of the car couplings. "The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall justle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings."

Have you ever taken your position in the night far away from a depot along the track waiting to see the rail train come at full speed? At first you heard in the distance a rumbling like the coming of a storm; then you saw the flash of the headlight of the locomotive as it turned the curve; then you saw the wilder glare of the fiery eye of the train as it came plunging toward you; then you heard the shriek of the whistle that frenzied all the echoes; then you saw the hurricane dash of cinders; then you felt the jar of the passing earthquake and you saw the shot thunderbolt of the express train. Well, it seems that we can hear the passing of a midnight express train in my text. "The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall justle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings."

I halt the train long enought to get on board, and I go through the cars, and I find three-fourths of the passengers are commercial travelers. They are a folk peculiar to themselves, easily recognized, at home on all the trains, not startled by the sudden dropping of the brakes, familiar with all the railroad signals, can tell you what is the next station, how long the train will stop, what place the passengers take luncheon at, can give you information on almost any subject, are cosmopolitan, at home everywhere from Halifax to San Francisco. They are on the eight o'clock morning train, on the noon train, on the midnight train. You take a berth in a sleeping car, and either above you or beneath you is one of these gentlemen. There are 100,000 professed commercial travelers in the United States, but 500,000 would not include all those who are sometimes engaged in this service. They spend millions of dollars every day in the hotels and in the rail trains. They have their official newspaper organ. They have their mutual benefit association, about 4,000 names on the rolls, and have already distributed more than $200,000 among the families of deceased members. They are ubiquitous, unique and tremendous for good or evil. All the tendencies of merchandise are toward their multiplication. The house that stands back on its dignity and waits for customers to come instead of going to seek bargain makers will have more and more unsalable goods on the shelf and will gradually lose its control of the markets, while the great, enterprising and successful houses will have their agents on all the trains, and "their chariots will rage in the streets, they shall justle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings."

I think commercial travelers can stand a sermon of warm-hearted sympathy. If you have any words of good cheer for them, you had better utter them. If you have any good, honest prayers in their behalf, they will be greatly obliged to you. I never knew a man yet who did not like to be prayed for. I never knew a man yet that did not like to be helped. It seems to me this sermon is timely. At this season of the year there are tens of thousands of men going out to gather the spring trade. The months of February and March in all our commercial establishments are very busy months. In a few days our national perplexities will be settled, and then look out for the brightest ten years of national prosperity which this country has ever witnessed. All our astute commercial men feel that we are standing at the opening gate of wonderful prosperity. Let the manufacturers put the bands on their wheels, and the merchants open a new set of account books in place of those filled with long columns of bad debts. Let us start on a new commercial campaign. Let us drop the old tune of "Naomi," and take up "Ariel" or "Antioch."

Now you, the commercial traveler, have received orders from the head men of the firm that you are to start on a long excursions. You have your patterns all assorted and prepared. You have them put up in bundles or cases and marked. You have full instructions as to prices. You know on what prices you may retreat somewhat. You have your valise or trunk, or both, packed. If I were a stranger, I would have no right to look into that valise, but as I am your brother, I will take the liberty. I look into the valise, and I congratulate you on all these comfortable articles of apparel. The seasons are so changeable you have not taken a single precaution too many. Some night you will get out in the snow bank and have to walk three or four miles until you get to the railroad station, and you will want all these comforts and conveniences. But will you excuse me if I make a suggestion or two about this valise? You say: "Certainly; as we are having a plain, frank talk I will not be offended at any honorable suggestion."

Put in among your baggage some carefully-selected, wholesome reading. Let it be history, or a poem, or a book of pure fiction, or some volume that will give you information in regard to your line of business. Then add to that a Bible in round, beautiful type—small type is bad for the eyes anywhere, but peculiarly killing in the jolt of a rail train. Put your railroad guide and your Bible side by side—the one to show you the route through this world and the other to show you the route to the next world. "Oh," you say, "that is superfluous, for now in all the hotels, in the parlor, you will find a Bible, and in nearly all the rooms of the guests you will find one!" But, my brother, that is not your Bible. You want your own hat, your own coat, your own blanket, your own Bible. "But," you say, "I am not a Christian, and you ought not to expect me to carry a Bible." My brother, a great many people are not Christians who carry a Bible. Besides that, before you get home you might become a Christian, and you would feel awkward without a copy. Besides that, you might get bad news from home. I see you with trembling hand opening the telegram, saying: "George is dying," or "Fannie is dead; come home!" Oh, as you sit in the train, stunned with the calamity, going home, you will have no taste for fine scenery, or for conversation, and yet you must keep your thoughts employed or you will go stark mad. Then you will want a Bible whether you read it or not. It will be a comfort to have it near you—that book full of promises which have comforted other people in like calamity. Whether you study the promises or not you will want that Book near you. Am I not wise when I say put in the Bible?

Now, you are all ready to start. You have your valise in the right hand and you have your blanket and shawl strap in the left hand. Good-by! May you have a prosperous journey, large sales, great percentages. Oh, there is one thing I forgot to ask you about—what train are you going to take? "Well," you say, "I will take the five o'clock Sunday afternoon train." Why? "Oh," you say, "I shall save a day by that, and on Monday morning I will be in the distant city in the commercial establishment by the time the merchants come down!" My brother, you are starting wrong. If you clip off something from the Lord's day, the Lord will clip off something from your lifetime successes. Sabbath breaking pays no better for this world than it pays for the next.

Young man, the dollar that you earn on the Sabbath is a red-hot dollar, and if you put it into a bag with 5,000 honest dollars that red-hot dollar will burn a hole through the bottom of the bag and let out all the 5,000 honest dollars with it.

But I see you change your mind, and you are going on Monday morning, and I see you take the train—Pennsylvania, or the Baltimore & Ohio, or the Hudson River, or the Erie, or the Harlem, or the New Haven train. For a few weeks now you will pass half of your time in the rail train. How are you going to occupy the time? Open the valise and take out a book and begin to read. Magnificent opportunities have our commercial travelers for gaining information above all other clerks or merchants. The best place in the world to study is a rail train. I know it by experience. Do not do as some commercial travelers do—as many of them do, as most of them do—sit reading the same newspaper over and over again and all the advertisements through and through, then sit for two or three hours calculating the profits they expect to make, then spending two or three hours looking listlessly out of the window, then spending three or four hours in the smoking car, the nastiest place in Christendom, talking with men who do not know as much as you do. Instead of that, call William Shakespeare, the dramatist, and John Ruskin, the dramatist, and Tennyson, the poet, and Bancroft and Macaulay, the historians, and Ezekiel and Paul, the inspired men of God, and ask them to sit with you and talk with you, as they will if you ask them. I hear you say: "I do wish I could get out of this business of commercial traveling. I don't like it." My brother, why don't you read yourself out? Give me a young man of ordinary intellect and good eyesight, and let him devote to valuable reading the time not actually occupied in commercial errand, and in six years he will be qualified for any position for which he is ambitious.

Be ashamed to sell foreign fabrics or fruits unless you know something about the looms that wove them or the vineyards that grew them. Understand all about the laws that control commercial life, about banking, about tariffs, about markets, about navigation, about foreign people—their characteristics and their political revolutions as they affect ours; about the harvests of Russia, the vineyards of Italy, the teafields of China. Learn about the great commercial centers of Carthage and Assyria and Phoenicia. Read all about the Medici of Florence, mighty in trade, mightier in philanthropies. You belong to the royal family of merchants. Be worthy of that royal family. Oh, take my advice and turn the years of weariness into years of luxury. Take those hours you spend at the depot waiting for the delayed train and make them Pisgah heights from which you can view the promised land. When you are waiting for the train hour after hour in the depot, do not spend your time reading the sewing machine advertisements and looking up the time tables of routes you will never take, going the twentieth time to the door to see whether the train is coming, bothering the ticket agent and telegraph operator with questions which you ask merely because you want to pass away the time. But rather summon up the great essayists and philosophers and story tellers and thinkers of the ages and have them entertain you.

But you have come now near the end of your railroad travel. I can tell by the motion of the car that they are pulling the patent brakes down. The engineer rings the bell at the crossing. The train stops. "All out!" cries the conductor. You dismount from the train. You reach the hotel. The landlord is glad to see you—very glad! He stretches out his hand across the registry book with all the disinterested warmth of a brother! You are assigned an apartment. In that uninviting apartment you stay only long enough to make yourself presentable. You descend then into the reading-room, and there you find the commercial travelers sitting around a long table with a great elevation in the center covered with advertisements, while there are inkstands sunken in the bed of the table, and scattered all around rusty steel pens and patches of blotting paper. Of course you will not stay there. You saunter out among the merchants. You present your letters of introduction and authority. You begin business. Now, let me say, there are two or three things you ought to remember. First, that all the trade you get by the practice of "treating" will not stick. If you cannot get custom except by tipping a wine glass with somebody, you had better not get his custom. An old commercial traveler gives as his experience that trade got by "treating" always damages the house that gets it in one way or the other.

Again, I charge you, tell the whole truth about anything you sell. Lying commercial travelers will precede you. Lying commercial travelers will come right after you into the same store. Do not let their unfair competition tempt you from the straight line. It is an awful bargain that a man makes when he sells his goods and his soul at the same time. A young man in one of the stores of New York was selling some silks. He was binding them up when he said to the lady customer: "It is my duty to show you that there is a fracture in that silk." She looked at it and rejected the goods. The head man of the firm, hearing of it, wrote to the father of the young man in the country, saying: "Come and take your son away. He will never make a merchant." The father came in agitation, wondering what his boy had been doing, and the head man of the firm said: "Why, your son stood here at this counter and pointed out a fracture in the silk, and of course the lady wouldn't take it. We are not responsible for the ignorance of customers. Customers must look out for themselves, and we look out for ourselves. Your son will never make a merchant." "Is that all?" said the father. "Ah! I am prouder of my boy than I ever was. John, get your hat and come home."

But it is almost night, and you go back to the hotel. Now comes the mighty tug for the commercial traveler. Tell me where he spends his evenings, and I will tell you where he will spend eternity, and I will tell you what will be his worldly prospects. There is an abundance of choice. There is your room with the books. There are the Young Men's Christian association rooms. There are the week night services of the Christian churches. There is the gambling saloon. There is the theater. There is the house of infamy. Plenty of places to go to. But which, O immortal man, which? O God, which? "Well," you say, "I guess I will—I guess I will go to the theater." Do you think the tarrying in that place until 11 o'clock at night will improve your bodily health or your financial prospects or your eternal fortune? No man ever found the path to usefulness or honor or happiness or commercial success or Heaven through the American theater. "Well," you say, "I guess, then, I will go to—I guess I will go to the gambling saloon." You will first go to look. Then you will go to play. You will make $100, you will make $500, you will make $1,000, you will make $1,500—then you will lose all. Then you will borrow some money so as to start anew. You will make $50, you will make $200, you will make $600—then you will lose all. These wretches of the gambling saloon know how to tempt you. But mark this—all gamblers die poor. They may make fortunes—great fortunes—but they lose them.

"Well," you say, "if I can't go to the theater, and if I can't go to the gambling saloon, then I guess—I guess I will go to the house of infamy." Commercial travelers have told me that in the letter box at the hotel within one hour after their arrival they have had letters of evil solicitation in that direction. It is far away from home. Nobody will know it. Commercial travelers have sometimes gone in that evil path. Why not you? Halt! There are other gates of ruin through which a man may go and yet come out, but that gate has a spring lock which snaps him in forever. He who goes there is damned already. He may seem to be comparatively free for a little while, but he is only on the limits, and the satanic police have their eyes upon him to bring him in at any moment.

The hot curse of God is on that crime, and because of it there are men whose heaven was blotted out ten years ago. There is no danger that they be lost. They are lost now. I look through their glaring eyeballs down into the lowest cavern of hell! Oh, destroyed spirit, why comest thou in here to-day? Dost think I have the power to break open the barred gateway of the penitentiary of the damned? There is a passage in Proverbs I somewhat hesitate to read, but I do not hesitate long. "At the window of my house I looked through my casement and beheld among the simple ones, I discerned among the youths, a young man void of understanding, passing through the street near her corner, and he went the way to her house, in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night. He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks, till a dart strikes through his liver."

But now the question is still open. Where will you spend your evening? Oh, commercial travelers, how much will you give me to put you on the right track? Without charging you a farthing I will prescribe for you a plan which will save you for this world and the next if you will take it. Go before you leave home to the Young Men's Christian association of the city where you live. Get from them letters of introduction. Carry them out to the towns and cities where you go. If there be no association in the place you visit, then present them at the door of Christian churches and hand them over to the pastors. Be not slow to arise in the devotional meeting and say: "I am a commercial traveler. I am far away from home, and I come in here to-night to seek Christian society." The best houses and the highest style of amusement will open before you, and instead of your being dependent upon the leprous crew who hang around the hotels, wanting to show you all the slums of the city on the one condition that you will pay their expenses, you will get the benediction of God in every town you visit. Remember this, that whatever place you visit bad influence will seek you out. Good influences you must seek out.

O commercial travelers, I pray for you the all sustaining grace of God! There are two kinds of days when you are especially in need of Divine grace. The one, the day when you have no success—when you fail to make a sale, and you are very much disappointed, and you go back to your hotel discomfited. That night you will be tempted to go to strong drink and rush into bad surroundings. The other day when you will especially need Divine grace will be when you have a day of great success and the devil tells you you must go and celebrate that success. Then you will want the grace of God to restrain you from rollicking indulgences. Yes, there will be a third day when you will need to be Christians, and that will be the last day of your life. I do not know where you will spend it. Perhaps in your house, more probably in a rail car, or a steamer, or the strange hotel. I see you on your last commercial errand. You have bidden good-by to the family at home for the last time. The train of your earthly existence is nearing the depot of the grave. The brakes are falling. The bell rings at the terminus. The train stops. All out for eternity. Show your ticket now for getting into the gates of the shining city—the red ticket washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Indians Want Education.

Petitions have been sent to the New York state legislature by the St. Regis Indians, descendants of the famous Mohawks, asking that a law be passed to compel every Indian child to go to school from the age of five to sixteen, except when sick. "And what we want," the memorial to the legislature says, "is a first-class teacher, not one that sleeps and reads newspapers during school hours."

Satisfied.

His Wife—I hope this cook will stay.

The Suburbanite—So do I. She seems to be an easy boss.—N. Y. Journal.

Our Policy of Territorial Expansion.

Extreme annexationists are advocating the addition of Canada to this country, and think it can be accomplished in a peaceful manner without exciting a quarrel with England. Such grave questions call for the wisest statesmanship, just as dyspepsia, constipation, liver and kidney diseases and malaria call for a thoroughly reliable remedy like Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. No experimenting should be done with untried medicines when an old established preparation is to be had.

The Sorehead.

Freddy—What's a reformer, pa?

Cobwigger—He's a man who failed to get a nomination on the machine ticket—Judge.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write *to-day* to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures chilblains, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes tight shoes easy. Cures Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25 cents.

"If I am prejudiced, it is not because I want to be, but because I can't help it."—Drake Watson.

The most luxurious service by many attractive routes from the North and West to Florida, all leading via Plant System which is the preferred line to the favorite resorts beyond the frost line. For particulars address L. A. Bell, 205 Clark St., Chicago.

A genial person is one who laughs heartily when he hears a funny story a second time.—Atchison Globe.

Will it cure? Use St. Jacobs Oil for lame-back and you'll see.

Drink is a noun that many men are unable to decline.—Chicago Daily News.

A "doubting Thomas" full of aches uses St. Jacobs Oil. He's cured.

Nothing makes a man so sad as to have a girl jolly him.—Chicago Daily News.

You will be disabled by Rheumatism. Use St. Jacobs Oil and cure it.

Life is made up of meetings, greetings and fleetings.—Life.

MISSOURI'S WAR GOVERNOR

Restored By Pe-ru-na.

GOVERNOR T. C. FLETCHER.

Hon. Thomas C. Fletcher, the noted war Governor of the State of Missouri, is a great friend of Pe-ru-na. He writes:

The Pe-ru-na Drug M'f'g Co., Columbus, Ohio:

Gentlemen—For years I have been afflicted with chronic catarrh, which has gone through my whole system, and no one knows the torture and misery I have passed through. My doctor has prescribed various remedies, and I have never found any relief until I was persuaded by a friend to use Dr. Hartman's Pe-ru-na. After the use of one bottle I feel like a new man. It also cured me of a dropping I had in my throat, and built my system up generally. To those who are suffering with catarrh I take pleasure in recommending your great medicine. Very respectfully.

Thomas C. Fletcher.

Everything that affects the welfare of the people is a legitimate subject of comment to the real statesman. The statesman is not a narrow man. It is the politician who is narrow. The true statesman looks out on the world as it is, and seeks, as far as is in his power, to remedy evils and encourage the good.

Catarrh in its various forms is rapidly becoming a national curse. An undoubted remedy has been discovered by Dr. Hartman. This remedy has been thoroughly tested during the past forty years. Prominent men have come to know of its virtues and are making public utterances on the subject. To save the country we must save the people. To save the people we must protect them from disease. The disease that is at once the most prevalent and stubborn of cure is catarrh.

STUDY LAW AT HOME A complete course in Law, covering 20 Branches for $6.00. Write for circular of Home Law School Series. Agents Wanted. Home Study Pub. Co., Conneaut, Ohio.

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25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Cecile—"What would you give to have such hair as mine?" Jeanne—"I don't know. What did you give?"—Tit-Bits.

"Have you given Mr. Staleight any encouragement?" "No, mamma," replied the confident daughter; "so far I have not found it necessary."—Brooklyn Life.

Tommy—"Paw, what does the paper mean by calling Mr. Bugghauss an 8x10 politician?" Mr. Figg—"I presume it means he is not exactly square."—Indianapolis Journal.

In the Near Future.—"Got the latest accident?" "What is it?" "An auto-cab in trying to dodge an auto-ambulance ran into an autopatrol wagon!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Bunker seems to be completely under his wife's thumb." "Yes; her father gives her the same personal allowance she had before she got married."—Chicago Daily News.

Finesse—"Oh! she's so adroit in managing! She makes the most of everything!" "Yes?" "Yes; I believe if there were a skeleton in her closet she'd use it for a clothes stretcher!"—Puck.

First Burglar—"I feel a bit shaky over that last job of ours." Second Burglar—"We're all right. I read in the papers this morning that the detectives were following up a clew."—Town Topics.

A German paper contains the following unique advertisement: "Any person who can prove that my tapioca contains anything injurious to health will have three boxes of it sent to him free of charge."—Tit-Bits.

Moone—"Oh, you may laugh, if you will, but did you ever hear of any luck in connection with the number thirteen?" Starr—"Well, yes; for example, there was the union of the thirteen original states."—Boston Transcript.

THUNDERSTORMS IN WINTER.

They Are Unusual, Like White Blackbirds, But Are Easily Accounted For.

If one examines the records of the government weather bureau for the whole country, he will discover that there is not a month in the whole year when a thunderstorm is not reported from some place. Like tornadoes, squalls and other purely local disturbances, they abound principally in summer, but the conditions which produce them may and do occur in winter, also, though much less frequently.

The prime cause of a thunderstorm, according to the experts, is this combination of circumstances: A large amount of moisture in the air on the earth's surface, and a certain difference of temperature between the lower and upper layers of atmosphere. There is a rate at which temperature normally diminishes as one ascends. This is about one degree Fahrenheit for every 300 feet. If, as some times happens, the diminution is less rapid than this, no special result is to be anticipated; but if, on the other hand, the contrast between the temperature at the surface of the earth and two or three miles up should be much greater, then the warm air below would have a disposition to break through the overlying cold stratum and rise above the latter. A situation of this sort, called an "unstable equilibrium," may be brought about in two ways. The lower air may become superheated by the sun, or an upper current of unusual coldness may sweep in over the lower atmosphere.

The daily weather charts of the government indicate the temperatures that prevail at any one moment in widely scattered places, but only on the surface of the earth. At the present time there is no systematic means of ascertaining the contrasts that exist in a vertical direction for two or three miles. Kite flying may give the weather bureau that information some day, and also furnish other much needed data concerning the development and progress of storms.

It is now almost generally conceded that the advance of the broad depressions, within whose limits a local storm always occurs, is controlled by the upper currents of air, which over the United States are at all times moving in an easterly direction. But the most casual student of weather charts knows that the rate at which these depressions travel varies greatly, just as if the upper currents moved more briskly at one time than another, or as if the depression got a better grip on the cable under one set of circumstances than under another.—N. Y. Tribune.

His Rank in His Class.

"You said you were No. 1 in your class," said the angry father, "and now the teacher informs me you are at the foot of it."

"My number in my class," returned the wily youth, intent upon demonstrating the correctness of his claim, "depends entirely on the end from which you begin to count."—Chicago Post.

His Place.

Cannibal King—Ha, we're in luck. We bagged you just in time for our big banquet.

Chappie Chatterton—You—you aren't really g-going to m-make a m-meal of me?

"Meal? Oh, dear, no. But as an entree you'll be delicious."—N. Y. World.

TUMOR EXPELLED.

Unqualified Success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wheelock, Magnolia, Iowa, in the following letter describes her recovery from a very critical condition:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I have been taking your Vegetable Compound, and am now ready to sound its praises. It has done wonders for me in relieving me of a tumor.

"My health has been poor for three years. Change of life was working upon me. I was very much bloated and was a burden to myself. Was troubled with smothering spells, also palpitation of the heart and that bearing-down feeling, and could not be on my feet much.

"I was growing worse all the time, until I took your medicine.

"After taking three boxes of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Lozenges, the tumor passed from me.

"My health has been better ever since, can now walk quite a distance and am troubled no more with palpitation of the heart or bloating. I recommend your medicine to all sufferers from female troubles."

It is hardly reasonable to suppose that any one can doubt the efficiency of Mrs. Pinkham's methods and medicine in the face of the tremendous volume of testimony.

His Peculiar View.

"Doesn't it sometimes make you gloomy to hear the wind howling about on a wild night?"

"No," answered the man with a careworn look. "I rather like to hear it. The wind doesn't come up and ring your door bell and ask how about that bill, or tell you you'll get arrested if you don't tag your dog. It doesn't sing 'I Won't Go Home Till Morning' away off the key and disgrace the neighborhood. It howls because it enjoys it. But it never says anything to hurt anybody's feelings. I sometimes honestly wish that there was more wind in this life and less people."—Washington Post.

Her Maiden Aim.

Hoax—So young Goldrox has taken a wife. What was her maiden name?

Joax—Her maiden aim seems to have been to marry Goldrox, and she proved an unusually good shot for a woman.—Philadelphia Record.

Keeping It Up to the Last.

Dix—I understand Windig, the attorney, is seriously ill.

Hix—Yes; I met his physician this morning, and he says he is lying at death's door.

"That's just like a lawyer."—Chicago Evening News.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, } ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, [Seal] Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Set all things in their own peculiar place and know that order is the greatest grace.—Dryden.

Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Arkansas,

Opens February 23. In the Ozark Mountains. Delightful climate. Beautiful scenery. Unequaled medicinal waters. Cheap excursion rates. Through sleepers via Frisco Line. Address J. O. Plank, Manager, Room H, Arcade, Century Building, or Frisco Ticket Office, No. 101 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

A photographer is never positive regarding his undeveloped negative.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Some people are smarter than you are; it is important that you admit it.—Atchison Globe.

Tarry a few days under Florida's azure skies; breathe her soft pure air; drink the fragrance from her orange blossoms, then tour the Tropics on magnificent steel Passenger Ships of the Plant Line, sailing five times every week from Port Tampa to Havana.

Strangely enough the "better half" is not the one who does the betting.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Explosions of Coughing are stopped by Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Some people are constantly so busy that you can't get them to do anything they ought to do.—Washington Democrat.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. Patterson, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

"I feel all run down," said the jocular citizen as the cyclist rode over him.—L. A. Bulletin.

What? A Cripple? Cure your sprain in a day with St. Jacobs Oil.

In order to keep the stove hot you should keep it coaled.—Chicago Daily News.

The way out of pains and aches is to rub St. Jacobs Oil in.

A bad player and a bad piano make a bad combination.—Atchison Globe.

You may be sure Neuralgia will be cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney and Bladder Troubles Make You Miserable.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT is the Great Remedy for all Kidney, Bladder and Uric Acid Troubles.

By Special Arrangement, Every Reader of this Paper, to Prove for Themselves The Wonderful Merits of THIS GREAT DISCOVERY, May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Absolutely FREE by Mail.

You are in no danger of being sick if you keep your kidneys well.

They filter your blood, keep it pure and free from disease breeding germs.

Your other organs may need care, but your kidneys most, because they do most.

If you are sick, begin with your kidneys, because as soon as they are well they will help all the other organs to health.

The treatment of some diseases may be delayed without danger, not so with kidney disease.

Swamp-Root is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of untiring effort and research by the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, Dr. Kilmer, and has truly wonderful healing action on the kidneys and bladder.

It will be found by both men and women just what is needed in all cases of kidney and bladder disorders, lame back, dull pain or ache in the back, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of neglected kidney trouble.

Swamp-Root corrects inability to hold water and promptly overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day and to get up many times during the night.

If your water when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

The way to be well is to look after your kidneys:—To take Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root when you are suffering from clogged kidneys.

This prompt, mild and wonderful remedy is easy to get at the drug stores in fifty-cent and one-dollar bottles. Make a note of the name, SWAMP-ROOT, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and remember it is prepared only by Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Swamp-Root has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief, and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. Also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and containing some of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact their very lives, to the wonderful curative properties of Swamp-Root. Be sure and mention this paper when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

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For Infants and Children

Bears The Signature Of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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A. N. K.—E 1749

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It does not require an expert to detect the sufferer from kidney trouble. The hollow cheeks, the sunken eyes, the dark, puffy circles under the eyes, the sallow parsnip colored complexion indicates it.

A physician would ask if you had rheumatism, a dull pain or ache in the back or over the hips, stomach trouble, desire to urinate often, or a burning or scalding in passing; if after passing there is an unsatisfied feeling as if it must be at once repeated, or if the urine has a brick dust deposit or strong odor.

When these symptoms are present, no time should be lost in removing the cause.

Delay may lead to gravel, catarrh of the bladder, inflammation, causing stoppage, and sometimes requiring the drawing of the urine with instruments, or may run into Bright's Disease, the most dangerous stage of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great discovery of the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, is a positive remedy for such diseases. Its reputation is world-wide and it is so easy to get at any drug store that no one need suffer any length of time for want of it.

However, if you prefer to first test its wonderful merits, mention THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD and write to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghampton, N. Y., for a sample bottle and book telling all about it, both sent absolutely free by mail.

COUNTY NEWS NOTES.

(☞ To insure insertion ALL correspondence must be in this office by Monday night of each week, and that nearby on Monday morning.)

SWANGO SPRINGS SAYINGS.

David Rose, of Grassy, visited his little son, Roxy, Sunday.

Miss Lillie Cecil, of Hazel Green academy, was with us part of last week.

E. F. Cecil and daughter, Miss Bonny, of Consolation, passed thro' here Sunday.

Mrs. John A. Taulbee, of Hazel Green, spent a pleasant day at the home of Mrs. Margaret Oney Sunday.

Harmon Swango was agreeably surprised on Saturday, his 45th birthday. At noon upon returning from work he found a few invited guests, a nice dinner and several present awaiting his arrival. Among the guests were his aged father and stepmother, Harrison Swango and wife, who have been blessed with the grand privilege of seeing their sixth and youngest son 45 years old and enjoying a happy, peaceful day with him.

May 8. UNO.

DAYSBORO DOINGS.

Uncle Bob Nickell went to Hazel Green Saturday.

J. E. Brooks went to the head of Gillmore Sunday.

J. N. Lacy was visiting up on Red river Saturday night.

James Wilson and Breck Amyx went to Hazel Green Sunday.

Mort Wilson, of Grassy creek, was in this neighborhood Saturday evening.

E. F. Cecil and his charming daughter, Miss Bonnie, were visiting Boone May Sunday.

Joe Damurn and Jessie Branum, of Pike county, stayed at the home of your scribe Saturday night.

Arbury Brooks started to Stillwater Saturday evening, and as he has not yet returned we are made to believe that he has stopped on Lacy creek, at the house just above or below William Cruey's, we are not sure which.

May 8. CHARLIE.

STILLWATER SPARKLES.

Nathan Combs and Jos. Rose represented this creek on the last grand jury.

Dr. J. F. Tutt, of this creek, was called to Torrent to see some sick parties last week.

Miss Sallie A. Tutt was at home Sunday from Campton, where she is attending school.

Boon Henry, of the Trace Fork, late of the Fourth Kentucky, has gone to parts unknown.

Elisha Chambers was fined $25 and 10 days in jail during circuit court for carrying a concealed weapon.

The young folks of this creek had a candy social at Jeff Rose's; nice time, good crowd, good behavior, etc.

J. W. Chambers has gone with his team to Parch Corn to fulfill a large logging contract that he has down there.

Billy Wells, son of S. J. Wells, who is almost blind, is at Lexington for the second time this winter having his eyes treated.

Rev. Henry Taylor will preach at Chambers school house on the fourth Sunday All are invited.

B. D. Rose has taken his former wife, from whom he was divorced at the January term of court, and left for parts unknown.

The good people of this creek all escaped this court except Willie Peck, who was indicted for disturbing meeting, and B. D. Rose, who gos a few indictments for selling liquor.

The Mormon elders a few days ago baptised C. W. Miller, and it is thought that instead of lawing with the Chamberses any longer that he will start out on a tramp with his brethren.

Aunt Cynthia Lewis, aged about 90 years, died at the home of her son, John Lewis, near the bridge, Thursday night. She has had her burial clothes prepared for more than five years, and her request was to be dressed as soon as she died. She was a good religious old lady and has a host of relatives and friends to mourn her loss.

May 8. OMEGA.

I have been a sufferer from chronic diarrhoea ever since the war and have used all kinds of medicines for it. At last I found one remedy that has been a success as a cure, and that is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diorrhœa Remedy.—P. E. GRISHAM, Gaars Mills, La. For sale by J. T. Day.

MORGAN COUNTY.

MAYTOWN MISSIVES.

Mrs. Lina Sample is visiting in town this week.

Rev. F. Thomas, of Campton, is visiting in town this week.

Jordan Wills is repairing and making improvements on his new location.

Quite a crowd from this place attended the quarterly meeting at Union Sunday.

Miss Leona Phelps has returned from a six months' visit to relatives in Fleming county.

Mr. Howard, of this place, has purchased a fine milk cow of Benson Davis, of Ezel, at $40.

Misses Artie Dye, Josie Patrick and Kate Swango were guests of Mrs, Jennie Pieratt Friday.

Elliott Clark today a week ago bid his relatives, friends and best girl good-bye and left for the broad hot fields of Illinois.

Mesdames Rilda Day and Emma Trimble, of Hazel Green, visited their parents, Jordan Wills and wife, Thursday and brought some beautiful flowers to place on their brother's grave.

On Thursday last a large crowd assembled at the home of Jordan Wills for the purpose of rolling logs, quilting, cooking, etc. We have often heard our parents speak of the old fashioned workings but none of them could ever compare with the delicious dinner and the sumptuous supper put up by Aunt Judy for her friends.

May 8. HAZEL EYES.

JAMBS JANGLES.

Matt Amyx spent Sunday with ye scribe.

W. A. Oldfield spent Saturday night with us.

Robert Nickell attended church at Daysboro Sunday.

Harlan Wilson and wife took in the sights here Sunday.

B. H. Rose drove a nice lot of young cattle through here today.

There will be meeting at Salem Sunday, and a large crowd is expected.

Joshua DeBusk, of Paragon, is this week visiting friends in this neighborhood.

James Shockey has moved into his new dwelling. All he now lacks is THE HERALD to read.

Elder Hiram Long and S. C. Byrd and wife attended meeting on Johnson creek Sunday.

F. M. Long is moving his sawmill from the farm of Tom Lee to H. F. Pieratt's farm on the Murphy fork.

May 8. NIVLA.

SELLARS SUNSHINE.

Aunt Georgeann Amyx visited us Sunday.

Clarke Justice left Wednesday for Pike county.

Clay Wilson was in this neighborhood buying sheep last week, Arbury Kash doing his driving.

Alvin Oldfield passed thro' here Saturday en route to Caney.

Tom Robnet, who has worked for Pres Wilson, left for his home in Virginia last week.

Tom Powell moved from Pike county to the farm he bought of Isom Long, near Salem.

Dave Johnson and others left Sunday for Covington, where they are summoned as witnesses.

J. P. Amyx was offered $40 for a pair of suckling calves, but holds them at $60. John knows the near way to the dollar.

Buford Nickell borrowed $2.50 of his father Sunday, and traveled all day trying to buy sheep for the Mt. Sterling market.

Matt Amyx bought a six days' old calf of Marion Perkins for $12. Guess he wants to marry or he sure wouldn't give such a price.

Monroe Stamper cut a bee tree on the farm of J. B. Amyx last week, and saved the bees with 40 pounds of honey. Doc knows how to find 'em.

May 8. RAYS.

Weak Eyes Are Made Strong,

dim vision made clear, styes removed and granulated lids or sore eyes of any kind speedily and effectually cured by the use of Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve. It's put up in tubes, and sold on a guarantee by all good druggists.

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WE CURE STRICTURE

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many unconsciously. They may have a smarting sensation, small, twisting stream, sharp cutting pains at times, slight discharge, difficulty in commencing, weak organs, emissions, and all the symptoms of nervous debility—they have STRICTURE. Don't let doctors experiment on you, by cutting, stretching, or tearing you. This will not cure you, as it will return. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT absorbs the stricture tissue; hence removes the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business by our method. The sexual organs are strengthened. The nerves are invigorated, and the bliss of manhood returns.

WE CURE GLEET

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are having their sexual vigor and vitality continually sapped by this disease. They are frequently unconscious of the cause of these symptoms. General Weakness, Unnatural Discharges, Failing Manhood, Nervousness, Poor Memory, Irritability, at times Smarting Sensation, Sunken Eyes, with dark circles, Weak Back, General Depression, Lack of Ambition, Varicocele, Shrunken Parts, etc. GLEET and STRICTURE may be the cause. Don't consult family doctors, as they have no experience in these special diseases—don't allow Quacks to experiment on you. Consult Specialists, who have made a life study of Diseases of Men and Women. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. One thousand dollars for a case we accept for treatment and cannot cure. Terms moderate for a cure.

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We treat and cure: EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, SECRET DRAINS, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY and BLADDER Diseases. CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

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—THE—

Blacksmiths

—AND—

Wagon-makers,

Have no time to write an ad. this week, but desire to announce that they are still at the old stand, and ready and willing at all times to do any work in their line for cash or prompt paying customers.

☞ Those indebted to the firm will please be considerate enough to call and settle at once, as we need money to run our business and must have what is due us ts payour own debts.

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GREENBACKS or Government Money.

At close of our Civil War in 1865, there appeared in the London Times the following:

"If that mischievous financial policy which had its origin in the North American Republic during the late Civil War in that country, should become indurated down to a fixture, then that government will furnish its money without cost. It will have all the money that is necessary to carry on its trade and commerce. It will become prosperous beyond precedent in the history of civilized nations of the world. The brain and wealth of all countries will go to North America. THAT GOVERNMENT MUST BE DESTROYED OR IT WILL DESTROY EVERY MONARCHY ON THIS GLOBE."

The famous Hazzard circular, to capitalists in New York, and the Buell Bank circular to United States Bankers, both emanating from London, and the fabulous corruption fund raised in England and Germany, estimated at $1,500,000, were the agents that secured the closing of our mints against silver.

The "walk into my parlor" policy of England, during and since the Spanish War, is the latest evidence of English Diplomacy in shaping the destiny of the United States Government.

Notwithstanding the famine price of wheat, the Spanish War, and fabulous expenditures of money by our government during the past year, gold has increased in value eleven per cent. and all other values decreased in the same proportion.

For a thorough understanding of the money question, or silver issue, the Cincinnati Enquirer has uniformly given evidence of its ability to teach, explain and produce all facts and truth. It is a paper that ought and can be read by all classes with pleasure and profit.

Post No Bills on this wall.

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